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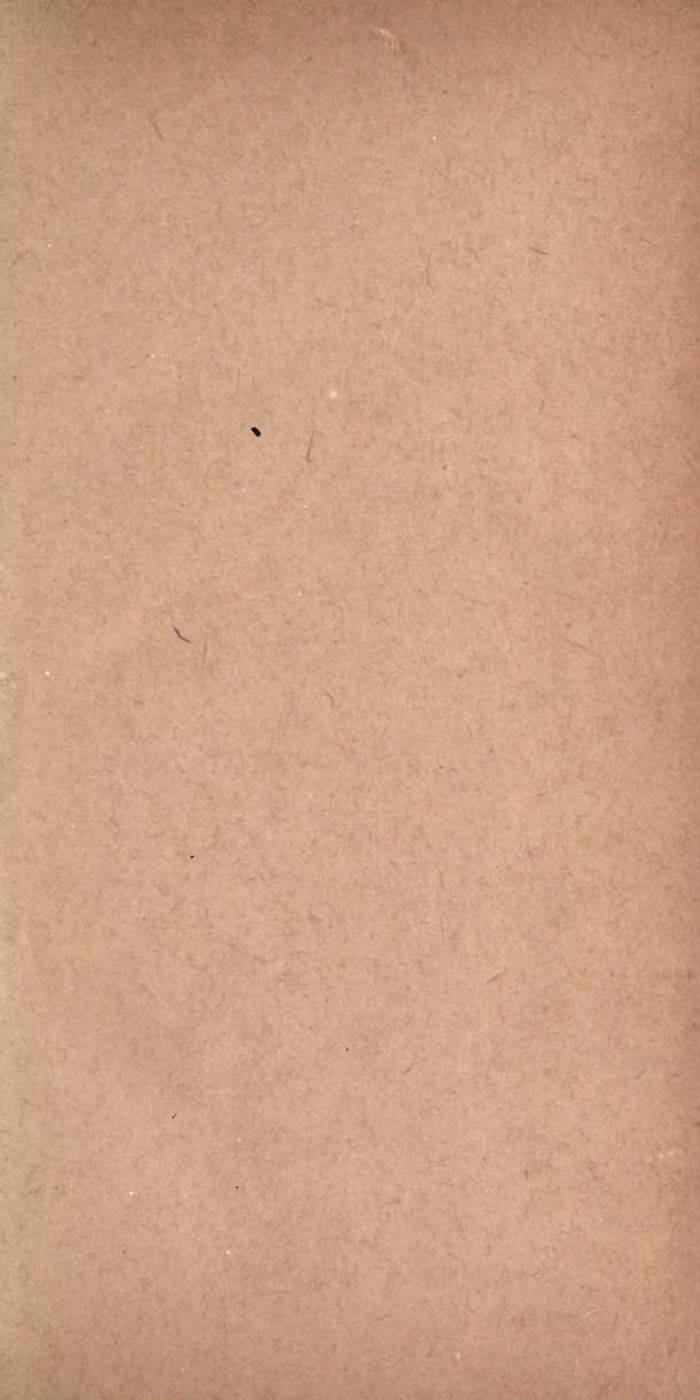
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SONNETS FROM THE TROPHIES
OF JOSÉ-MARIA DE HEREDIA

Sonnets from the
Trophies of José-
Maria de Heredia

Rendered into English by
Edward Robeson Taylor

Fourth Edition

Published by
Paul Elder and Company
San Francisco and New York
1906

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TO THE MEMORY OF
LEVI COOPER LANE
THESE VERSIONS
ARE REVERENTLY
DEDICATED

M567351

PREFATORY NOTE TO FOURTH EDITION

The Sonnets here presented are versions of all those contained in Heredia's "Les Trophées." Since the first publication of these versions I have made many changes in them, in the interest of a truer rendering and a better art, while some of the sonnets have been almost entirely recast. That such art as Heredia's can best be exemplified in the French may be conceded; but at the same time it must likewise be conceded that in no language has the sonnet reached greater variety or force, or beauty for the matter of that, than in the English. Indeed, of all the forms borrowed from the French or the Italian, the sonnet form, as has been well said, seems to be the only one that has become deeply rooted in our literary soil. That the task of representing Heredia's sonnets acceptably in the English is truly Herculean may also be conceded; but the very difficulty is a challenge to those who love the sonnet form and delight to work in it; and even partial success in such an endeavor is almost a victory.

In the sonnets of "Les Trophées" the poet never employs more than two rhymes in the octave, his rhyme being, without exception,

arranged as follows: abba-abba. In the sestet he allows himself more liberty, about two-thirds of the sonnets having the rhyme arrangement as follows: aabcbc. The rhyme of the others is distributed in a variety of ways, the favorite arrangement being aabccb. It is worthy of note that the rhyme arrangement of the sestet abcabc, which is so frequently found in the English-written sonnet, is employed by him but once. In several instances he uses but two rhymes in the sestet, and occasionally he closes it with a couplet. In the versions here presented the form of the originals, including the rhyme arrangement, has been strictly followed. In several of the versions but two rhymes in the sestet have been employed instead of the three of the original; but in these instances the arrangement of the rhyme is the same as that of the original—that is, the lines rhyme in the same way, only fewer rhymes are employed.

All of these versions are written in the pentameter in which the English sonnet is universally written (the deviations from this measure being so few as not to count), except one—"The Vow," page 85—which has been rendered in the alexandrines of the original.

For a penetrating and masterly study of the sonnet work of Heredia the reader is referred to the article of J. C. Bailey in the September, 1898, number of "The Fortnightly Review," while Edmund Gosse, in his "Critical Kit-Kats," admirably reviews the work of the poet and the characteristics of his style. Since Heredia's death (October 3, 1905), many articles have been written about him in Europe and America, with no dissent, so far as I know, in the matter of the high and unique quality of his sonnets.

Since the publication of the third edition, now out of print, I have again with great care gone over the work with the necessary result of making a number of changes and of adding some more notes. I dare not say, even now, that my work is final. My feeling in this regard is fairly well represented by the sonnets entitled "The Passion for Perfection" and "The Music of Words," copies of which I have ventured to print in this volume, and which, as there placed, I trust will not be considered by the judicious as an impertinence.

E. R. T.

San Francisco
September 23, 1906.

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THE PASSION FOR PERFECTION

What deep desires are ours, what searching
pains,
To find the word we so supremely need;
To frame a diction worthy Art's great
need,
That winged with music bears immortal
strains!

Our thought when bound in rhythm oft
contains
Such teasing imperfections, that we feed
The hours in their cure, then inly bleed,
For fear some vexing blemish yet remains.

Dear nymph, Perfection, how thou dost
elude
Thy fond pursuer! — seeming near, then far,
Enticing ever with allurements sweet,

Till after trial many a time renewed,
He sees thee blaze a solitary star
In some high, inaccessible retreat.

THE MUSIC OF WORDS

(Tennyson said in one of his talks that "People do not understand the music of words.")

To give to Beauty her immortal meed
As gemmed she lies immaculately fair;
To paint the hopes that end in fell despair,
While tones mellifluous every passion breed;

To follow Fancy's fairy troop that lead
Through vales of Dream embathed in
drowsèd air,
Or on Imagination's heights to dare,
What nectar-hearted, golden words we
need —

Such words as thine, thou muse-encrownèd
one,
Who, like some inextinguishable sun,
Shall light the heavens of man forevermore;

Such words as Homer sent, long, long ago,
With music winged, through Greece's heart
of woe,
Or such as deathless make Heredia's lore.

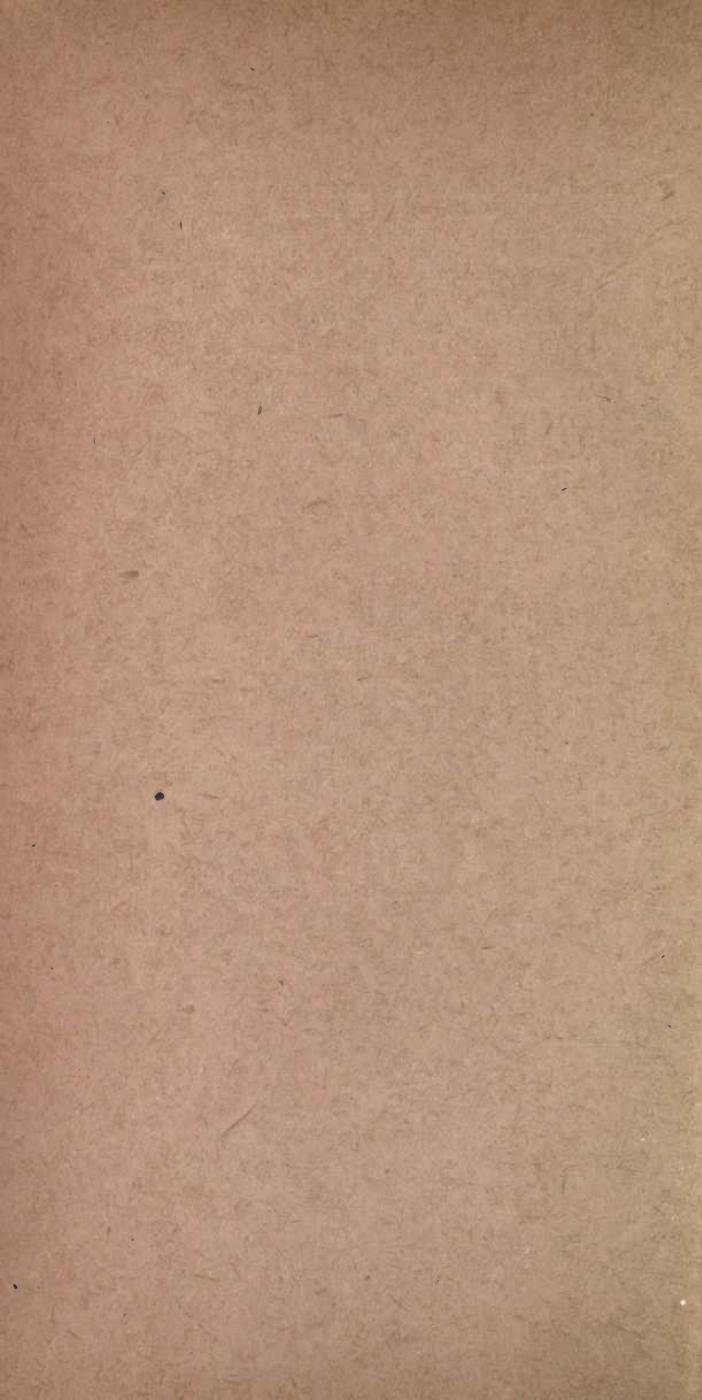
“ All ancient glory sleeps, and men forget,
Unless there comes the poet with his art,
The flower of arts; and pouring from his tongue
A mingled stream of wisdom, verse and song,
Records great deeds in strains that never die.”

*(From Pindar's sixth Isthmian Ode
as translated by Hugh Seymour Tremenheere.)*

“ For the thing that one hath well said goeth forth
with a voice unto everlasting; over fruitful earth and
beyond the sea hath the light of fair deeds shined, un-
quenchable forever.”

*(From Pindar's third Isthmian Ode
as translated by Ernest Myers.)*

The Cities vanish; one by one
The glories fade that paled the sun;
At Time's continuous, fateful call
The palaces and temples fall;
While Heroes do their deeds and then
Sink down to earth as other men.
Yet, let the Poet's mind and heart
But touch them with the wand of Art,
And lo! they rise and shine once more
In greater splendor than before.



TO JOSÉ-MARIA DE HEREDIA

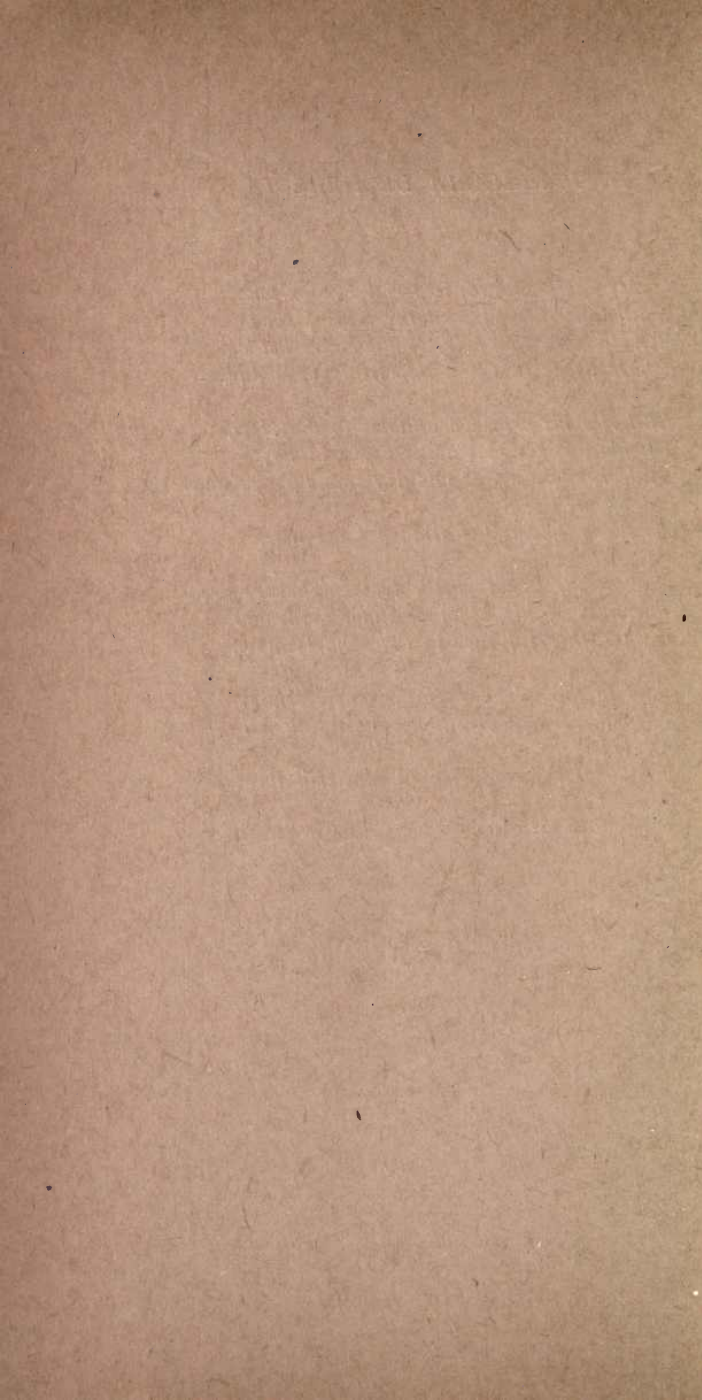
'Twas eagle-winged, imperial Pindar who
Sent down the ages on the tide of song
The thought that only to the years belong
Those deeds that win immortal poet's due.

Still rise his crownèd athletes to the view,
On his unwearied pinions borne along;
Still shepherd's pipe and lay sound sweet and
strong
As when Theocritus attuned them true.

And so through thee the feats of heroes great,
The hues of life of other times than ours,
With such refulgence in thy sonnets glow,

That in the splendor of their new estate,
They there, with deathless Art's supernal
powers,
Shall o'er the centuries enchantment throw.

San Francisco,
May 31, 1897.



GREECE AND SICILY

OBLIVION

On headland's height the temple's ruins lie,
Where Death has intermixed bronze Heroes
slain

With marble Goddesses, whose glory vain
The lonely grass enshrouds with many a
sigh.

Only at times a herdsman, driving by
His kine for drink, piping antique refrain
That floods the heavens to the very main,
Shows his dark form against the boundless
sky.

The Earth, sweet mother to the Gods of
old,

At springtime vainly, eloquently weaves
Round the rent capital acanthus leaves;

But man, no more by ancient dreams
controlled,

Hears without tremor, in the midnight deep,
The grieving Sea for her lost sirens weep.

Hercules and the Centaurs

NEMEA

Since the lone Tamer in the forest drear
Made bold to search for every frightful
trace,
Resounding roars have told the fierce
embrace.
Now sinks the sun, and silence lulls the ear.

As herdsman toward Tirynthus flees in fear
Through thicket, brier and brake with
quickenings pace,
He sees, with eyes bulged from their orbit's
space,
At woodland's edge the tawny monster
rear.

He screams. He Nemea's awful terror saw,
That 'gainst the blood-red sky its armed
jaw,
Disheveled mane and tusks malignant shows;

For in the twilight's deepening mysteries,
The skin around him floating, Hercules —
Man blent with beast — to monstrous hero
grows.

STYMPHALUS

The birds in swarming thousands far and
near,
As he descends the foul declivity,
Sudden as squall on mighty pinion flee
Above the dismal, agitated mere.

Some, flying low, in network cross nor fear
To brush the face oft kissed by Omphale;
Whereat, his victor shaft adjusting, he,
Archer superb, strides through the marsh-
reeds drear.

Thenceforth, by arrows riddled, the frightened
cloud
Pours down a horrid flood with screamings
loud
And streaked with fiery bolts of murderous
levin.

At last the Sun across the thick cloud sees,
Through openings pierced by bow of
Hercules,
The blood-drenched Hero smiling up to
Heaven.

NESSUS

When I of life had but my brothers' share,
The better things or deeper ills unknown,
My roving rule Thessalian hills did own,
Whose icy torrents laved my ruddy hair.

Thus in the sun I grew, free, happy, fair;
And day or night nought vexed me, save
alone

When to my nostrils' eager breath was
blown

The ardent scent of the Epirus mare.

But since Stymphalian Archer's spouse I've
seen

Smiling triumphantly his arms between,
My hairs are bristled and desires torment;

For that some God — cursed be his name
and plan!—

Has in my loins' too feverous blood all
blent

The lust of stallion with the love of man.

THE CENTAURESS

Of old, through torrents, valleys, woods, and
rocks,
The far-famed troop of myriad Centaurs
strayed;
Upon their sides the sun with shadows
played;
Their dark hair mingled with our flaxen
locks.

Choked are the caves, and summer's grass
but mocks,
For lonely now we press its springing blade;
And times there are when in the night's
warm shade
The stallion's distant cry my bosom shocks.

For the great sons to whom the Cloud gave
birth,
Diminishing day by day upon the earth,
Forsake us and fair woman madly try.

Such passion brings us to the brute's base
fare,
For it wrings from us only neighing cry,
While they in us desire but the mare.

CENTAURS AND LAPITHÆ

Now rushes to the feast the nuptial tide—
Centaurs and warriors drunken, bold and
fair;
And flesh heroic, in the torches' glare,
Immingles with the Cloud's sons' tawny hide.

Jests, tumult . . . Screams! . . . 'Gainst
black-haired breast the Bride,
Her purple rended, struggles in despair,
To hoofs' hard blows the bronze rings
through the air,
While falls mid shouts the table in its pride.

Then one upsprings to whom the mightiest
bow;
A lion's muffle frowns upon his brow,
Bristling with hairs of gold. 'Tis Hercules.

Whereat, from end to end of that vast space,
Cowed by the fury of his wrathful face,
The monstrous, guilty troop, loud snorting,
flees.

FLIGHT OF THE CENTAURS

Straight for the Mount where they may
safely rest,
Glutted with slaughter and revolt, they fly;
Fears lash them on, they feel 'tis now to die,
And lion's odor does the night infest.

They trample newt and hydra, and they
breast
Ravines, woods, torrents, as they hurry by,
Where now appears against the distant sky
Olympus', Ossa's or dark Pelion's crest.

At times, some bold one in his maddened
flight
Quick rearing turns about, then with dazed
sight
Rejoins his brethren with a single bound;

For there the moon in brightest full has
made
Extend behind them — nought could more
confound —
The giant horror of Herculean shade.

THE BIRTH OF APHRODITE

Unbounded Chaos wrapped the worlds of
old

Where ranged all measureless both Time and
Space;

Then Gæa, bounteous to her Titan race,
Gave them her fecund breasts of wealth
untold.

They fell. The Stygian waves above them
rolled.

And, storm-swept, never had the Spring's
fair face

Brightened to feel a blazing sun's embrace,
Nor Summer seen her harvest's fruited gold.

In savage state, no joys within their
breast,

The immortals held Olympus' snowy crest.
But from the heavens the virile dew fell
free;

The Ocean cleaved; and Aphrodite nude
Rose radiant from the foaming, glowing sea
With life's own blood of Uranus endued.

JASON AND MEDEA

TO GUSTAVE MOREAU

Beneath domed foliage, in enchanted spell
Of soundless calm — cradle of fears of
yore —
Round them rare dawn its brightening tears
shed o'er
Things rich and strange beyond all parallel.

In magic air where poisonous perfumes dwell
She sowed such charms from her abounding
store,
The Hero, weaponed by her potent lore,
Shook off the lightnings from the illustrious
Fell.

'Neath arching bloom, to fill the wood with
light,
Winged radiant birds like sparkling gems in
flight,
And silvery lakes of azure skies drank deep.

Love smiled upon them; but the Spouse so
dire
Brought jealous fury, Asian charms, her sire,
And even the Gods, within her awful
sweep.

THE THERMODON

Toward Themiscyra which in dire despair
Has shaken all day with clash of horsemen
 dread,
Dark, doleful, slow, Thermodon bears the
 dead,
The arms, the chariots, no more to dare.

Phillippis, Phœbe, Marpe, Aella, where
Are those great ones who with their great
 queens led
The royal host to slaughter's gory bed?
Their pale, disheveled bodies now lie there.

Such giant lily bloom is here laid low,
High-heaped the warriors all the shores
 bestrow,
Where madly neighs at times some
 struggling horse;

And the Euxine sees at dawn far up the
 flood
Ensanguined, from its mouth unto its source,
White stallions flying red with virgins'
 blood.

Artemis and the Nymphs

ARTEMIS

The sharp wood-odors every place rise o'er,
Thy nostrils wide dilating, Huntress bright,
As in thy virginal and virile might,
Thy locks thrown back, thou settest out
once more.

And now with leopards' hoarse, incessant
roar
Thou mak'st Ortygia's isle resound till night,
As through the orgies' reek thou leapest
light,
Where mangled hounds imbrue the grass
with gore.

But most thou joyest, Goddess, when the
brier
Bites thee, and tooth or claw tears with fell
ire
Thy glorious arms whose shaft revenge has
ta'en;

For thy heart would the cruel sweetness
dare
Of mingling an immortal purple there
With black and hideous blood of monsters
slain.

THE CHASE

The chariot to the horses' flying feet
Heaven's summit mounts, their hot breath
 making glow
The golden plains that undulate below;
And Earth lies basking in the flaming heat.

In vain the forest's leaves in masses meet:
The Sun, where hazy peaks their glories
 show,
In shade where silvery fountains laughing
 flow,
Steals, darts and glints, in victory complete.

'Tis the hour flamboyant when, through
 briar and brier,
Bounding superb with her Molossians dire
Mid clamorous cries of death, wild yelps
 and blood,

Her arrows flying from the tightened
 string,
With streaming locks, the breathless,
 conquering,
Impetuous Artemis affrights the wood.

NYMPHÆA

In westward flight the car of heavenly
mould
Speeding toward the horizon's verge, in
vain
The powerless God pulls back with fourfold
rein
His horses plunging in the glowing gold.

It sinks. The sea's hoarse voice in moaning
told
Fills the empurpling heavens with sad
refrain,
While silently mid evening's tranquil train
The Crescent in her silvery garb is stoled.

'Tis now the time when Nymphs, where
springs gush clear,
Throw the slack bow the empty quiver
near.
Except a stag's far belling, all is still.

The dance whirls on beneath the tepid moon,
And Pan, with slow and then with faster
tune,
Laughs as the reeds, beneath his breathing,
thrill.

PAN

Across the brake, by trails that lonely lie
Till lost where verdurous ways wide
 spreading run,
Divine Nymph-hunter, the Goat-footed one,
Steals through the forest with an eager eye.

'Tis sweet to hear at noon the freshening
 sigh
Of cooling springs deep hid in coverts dun,
When that bright vanquisher of clouds, the
 Sun,
His golden arrows at the dark lets fly.

A Nymph lone wandering stays her step.
 She hears
Fall drop by drop the morning's lovely
 tears
Upon the moss. Her heart drinks ecstasies.

But quick the God from out the coppice
 leaps,
Enclasps her, then with mocking laughter
 flees . . .
And once again the wood hushed silence
 keeps.

THE BATH OF THE NYMPHS

From the Euxine sheltered is a vale where
grows

Above the spring a leaning laurel tree,
Wherefrom a pendent Nymph in frolic glee
Touches the gelid pool with timorous toes.

Her sisters, challenged by the shells where
flows

The gushing wave they sport with joyously,
Plunge deep, and from the foam a hip
gleams free,

And from bright locks, a bust or bosom's
rose.

The great, dark wood is filled with mirth
divine.

Sudden, two eyes within the shadow shine.
The Satyr 'tis! . . . His laugh benumbs
their play;

And forth they dart. So, at a crow's ill cry,
Cayster's snowy swans in wild array
Above the river all distracted fly.

THE VASE

A hand of cunning carved this ivory so:
We here behold the wood of Colchis rise,
With Jason, and Medea of magic eyes,
And on a stela's top the Fleece's glow.

Near them we see the immortal Nilus flow,
While Bacchants, drunken deep with
 ecstasies
Of nectared poisons, wreathed with greeneries
The yoke of bulls that now no labor know.

Beneath, are cavaliers that hack and slay,
The dead upon their bucklers borne away,
The mothers' tears, the old with doleful
 gaze;

For handles apt, Chimæras who, with breast
Robust and white against the edges pressed,
Forever drink from the exhaustless vase.

ARIADNE

To brazen cymbals' clear and clanging strain,
The Queen in nudeness on the tiger's back
Views, with the revels that illumine his track,
Iacchus coming o'er the strand amain.

The royal monster treads the sandy plain,
To her sweet weight submitting, when, alack,
Touched by her hand wherefrom the rein
 falls slack,
He bites his bridle's flowers in passion's
 pain.

Letting the amber clusters of her hair
Roll to his flank amid the dusk grapes
 there,
His rumbling roar by her is heeded not.

In sooth, her mouth, steeped in ambrosial
 bliss,
Its cries to faithless lover now forgot,
Thirsts for the Asian Tamer's nearing kiss.

BACCHANAL

Loud clamors fill the Ganges with affright:
The tigers from their yokes have torn away,
And, fiercely mewing, bound; while in
 dismay
Bacchantes crush the vintage in their flight.

The fruited vines, mangled by claw and bite,
Spatter the striped ones with their reddening
 spray
Near where the leopards, leaping to the
 fray,
Roll in the purple mire their bellies white.

Upon the writhing bodies the dazed deer,
As roar on roar with growl long-drawn is
 rolled,
Snuff the rich blood across the sunlight's
 gold;

But the mad God, his thyrsus shaking
 near,
Cheers the strange sport, and mixes — added
 bale —
The howling female with the roaring male.

THE AWAKENING OF A GOD

With bruised throat, their tresses flowing
free,
Their grieving goaded by the tears that rise,
The Byblus women with lugubrious cries
Conduct the slow and mournful obsequy.

For on the couch, heaped with anemone,
Where death has closed his languishing,
large eyes,
Perfumed with spices and with incense, lies
The one whom Syria's maids loved
doatingly.

The singers sound the dirge till morning
breaks.
But look! Now at Astarte's call he wakes —
Mysterious Spouse by whom the myrrh's
bedewed.

He's risen, the youth of old! and all the
heaven
Blossoms in one great rose with blood
bright-hued
Of an Adonis to celestials given.

THE MAGICIAN

Eachwhere, even at the altars I embrace,
She calls, her pleading arms my vision fill.
O sire revered, O mother, who did will
To bear me, am not I of hateful race?

The Eumolpid vengeful one in Samothrace
Shakes not his red robes at my threshold,
still

I fly faint-hearted, leaden-footed, till
I hear the sacred dogs howl on my trace.

In every spot to wretched me are nigh
The black enchantments, hateful, sinister,
That all the wrathful Gods have bound me
by;

For they have irresistibly armed her
Intoxicating mouth and deep dark eye,
To surely slay me with her kiss and tear.

THE SPHINX

Beneath Cithæron's briery flank is made
A rock-ribbed den, to blaze resplendent
there,
With golden eyes and breast divinely fair,
The virgin eagle-winged whom none has
swayed.

The Man stops at the threshold dazed.—
What shade
Makes gloomier still my cavern's gloomy
air?
—Love.—Art the God?—The Hero, I.—
Then dare;
But thou seek'st death; can'st now be
unafraid?—

I can; Bellerophon slew the monster dire.
—Come not.—Thou know'st my mouth sets
thine on fire.
—Come then! Between mine arms thy
bones I'll maim,

My talons tear thy flesh . . . —What's
agony,
If I have raped thy kiss and conquered
fame?
—Thy conquest's vain, thou diest.—
O ecstasy! . . .

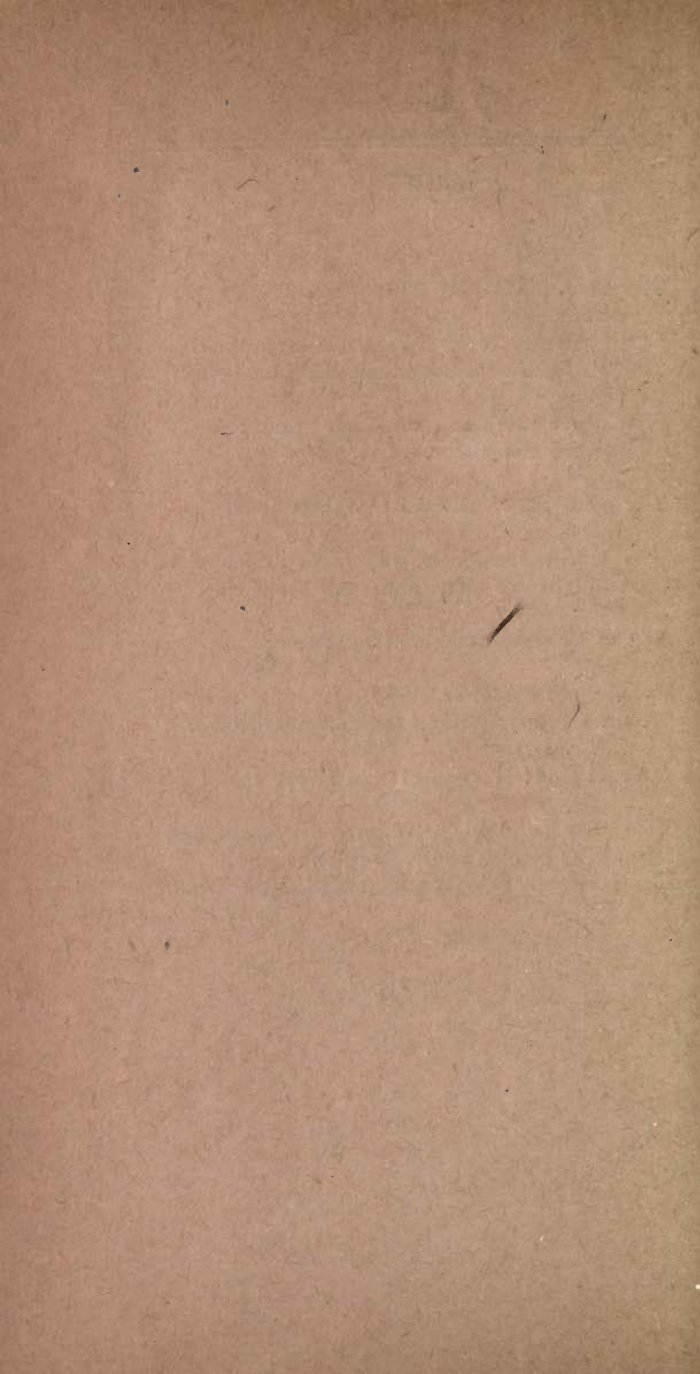
MARSYAS

Thy natal pines that raptured heard thy
 strains
Burnt not thy flesh, O most unhappy one!
Thy bones are shivered, and thy blood doth
 run
With wave the Phrygian Mount pours
 toward the plains.

The pride-blown Citharist, who jealous
 reigns,
With iron plectrum has thy reeds undone,
That taught the birds and even the lions
 won;
And of Celænæ's singer nought remains —

Nought but a bloody shred on yonder yew
Where the poor wretch his nameless horror
 knew.
O cruel God! O cries of that sweet voice!

Beneath a hand too wise no more you'll find
Mæander's stream the sighing flute rejoice,
For Marsyas' skin is plaything of the wind.



Perseus and Andromeda

ANDROMEDA GIVEN TO THE
MONSTER

Cepheus' chaste one, alas! disheveled, lone,
Chained to the island rock of sunless
 gloom,
Writhing and sobbing, mourns in hopeless
 doom
Her regal form that terror makes its own.

The monstrous ocean, by the tempest blown,
Spatters her icy feet with biting spume,
While everywhere before her closed eyes
 loom
The gaping jaws in myriad horror shown.

Like peal of thunder from a cloud-free sky
A sudden neighing rolls and echoes nigh.
Her eyes fly open. Fear and joy are one;

For she beholds, in whirling flight and free,
The wingèd horse, upbearing Zeus's son,
Stretch his grand shade of azure on the
 sea.

PERSEUS AND ANDROMEDA

At last alighting mid the foam, the bold
Medusa's and the monster's conqueror Knight,
Streaming with bloody spume of horrid sight,
Bears off the virgin with the locks of gold.

On Chrysaor's brother, steed of heavenly
mould,
That neighs, and paws the sea in mad
despite,
He seats the dear one, shamed, of desperate
plight,
Who laughs and sobs within his arms'
strong fold.

He clasps her close. Round them the surges
beat.

She raises feebly to the croup her feet
A wandering billow kisses as they fly;

But Pegasus, inflamed by ocean's stings,
With one bound rising at the Hero's cry,
Sweeps the dazed heavens with his fiery
wings.

THE RAVISHMENT OF ANDROMEDA

The splendent wingèd horse, in noiseless
flight,
From out his nostrils blowing clouds of
fume,
Bears them, with quivering of his every
plume,
Across the starry ether and blue night.

Now Afric plunges from their soaring
height,
Then Asia . . . desert . . . Libanus in
tomb
Of mist and fog . . . and here, all white
with spume,
The cruel sea that closed sweet Helle's
sight.

Like two enormous cloaks the wind swells
wide
The pinions which, as through the stars they
glide,
Keep the clasped lovers nested from the
cold;

While, as their throbbing shadows they
descry,
From Aries to Aquarius they behold
Their Constellations dawning in the sky.

Epigrams and Bucolics

THE GOATHERD

Pursue, O shepherd, in this gorge no more
That bounding, stupid goat; for on the side
Of Mænalus, where summer bids us bide,
Night rises quickly, so thy hope give o'er.

Rest here; of figs and wine I've ample
store.
All day this wild retreat have we espied.
Speak low, Mnasyllus, Gods roam far and
wide
And Hecate's eyes this very spot explore.

A Satyr's cave is yon dark gap below—
Familiar demon whom these summits know.
Be still and he may come from out his nook.

Dost hear the pipe that sings upon his lip?—
'Tis he! His horns now catch the rays; and
look,
He makes my charmed goats in the
moonlight trip.

THE SHEPHERDS

Cyllene's deep defiles this path leads to.
Then come. Behold his cave and spring.

'Tis there

He lies on thymy bed, and fills the air
With music 'neath yon pine that towers in
view.

To this trunk moss-grown tie thy pregnant
ewe;—

Dost know, ere long with lambkin, she will
bear

Some cheese and milk for him? And nymphs
will wear,

Spun from her wool by them, a mantle new.

Mayst be propitious, Pan!—Goat-footed one,
Who guard'st the flocks that on Arcadia
run,

Thee I invoke . . . He hears! The tree
gives sign!

The sun sinks down the radiant West.
Depart.

The poor's gift, friend, is same as marble
shrine,

If offered to the Gods with plain, pure
heart.

VOTIVE EPIGRAM

To Ares stern! To Eris strife-possessed!
Help me, I'm old, to give this pillar these:
My shield, my sword well hacked with
 braveries,
My broken helmet with its bloody crest.

Join there this bow. But, say, is't meet I
 rest
The hemp around the wood,—hard medlar
 tree's
No arm but mine has ever bent with ease,—
Or stretch the cord again with eager zest?

The quiver also take. Thine eye cons o'er
The sheath of leather for the archer's
 store—
The arrows which the wind of battle floats.

'Tis empty; and thou think'st my shafts are
 gone?
Then hie thee to the field of Marathon,
Where thou wilt find them in the Persians'
 throats.

FUNERARY EPIGRAM

Stranger, here lies the blithesome
 grasshopper
Young Helle guarded long from direful fate,
And whose wing, vibrant under foot serrate,
In bilberry, pine and cytissus did whirl.

Alas! she's dead—the natural dulcimer,
Of furrow, field and corn the muse elate;
Lest thou disturb her slumber's peaceful
 state,
Pass quickly by nor heavily press on her.

'Tis yonder. Midst a tuft of thyme we see
Her grave's white stone with beauty freshly
 fair;—
How few the men who win such destiny!

Her tomb oft feels a child's fond, tearful
 care,
And every morn Aurora piously
With copious dewdrops makes libation
 there.

THE SHIPWRECK

With breeze astern and skies all cloudless
he,

Just as Arcturus shows his rising sphere,
Sees the receding Pharos disappear,
Proud of his brass-lined ship's rapidity.

But Alexandria's mole no more he'll see:
In waste of sand no kid could pasture near
The tempest's hand has scooped his
sepulchre,
Where now the wind makes whirling
revelry.

In fold the deepest of the shifting dune,
In dawnless night where shines nor star nor
moon,
As last the navigator quiet owns.

O Earth, O Sea, pity his anxious Shade!
And on the Hellenic shore where rest his
bones
Thy tread be light, thy voice be silent made.

THE PRAYER OF THE DEAD

Stop!—Traveller, list to me. If thy step run
To Cypselus and to the Hebrus' shore,
Old Hyllus find and pray him to deplore
Without surcease his unreturning son.

My murdered flesh the ravenous wolves have
won;
The rest in this dark thicket lies; and o'er
The Erebus-gloomed banks great shadows
pour
Indignant tears. My death's avenged by
none.

Depart then; and shouldst thou, when dies
the day,
See at the grave's or hillock's foot delay
A black-veiled woman reft of every bloom,
Approach; nor night nor charms need give
thee fears;
For 'tis my mother, who, on shadowy tomb,
Clasps a void urn and fills it with her tears.

THE SLAVE

Naked and wretched, with the vilest cheer,
Such slave am I—my body bears the signs—
Born free upon the gulf whose beauty
 shines
Where Hybla's honeyed slopes their summits
 rear.

Alas! I left the happy isle . . . Ah!
 shouldst thou steer
Thy course to Syracuse's bees and vines,
Following the swans as winter's cold
 declines,
Good host, acquaint thee with my lovèd
 dear.

Shall I ne'er see her pure, deep-violet eye
Reflecting, brimmed with smiles, her natal
 sky
Beneath her dark-hued brow's victorious
 bow?

Have pity! — Find my Clearista, pray;
Tell her I live once more her face to know;
Thou canst not miss her, for she's sad
 alway.

THE HUSBANDMAN

The plough, seed-basket, yoke and shining
shares,
The pitchfork which so well the sheaves
bestows,
The harrow, goad, the sharp-edged scythe
that mows
In one short day a barn-floor-full of ears;

These tools familiar, he so hardly bears,
Old Parmis to the immortal Rhea vows,
Who the earthed seed with vital force
endows.
For him, all tasks are done — he's four-score
years.

For near a century in the burning sun
The coulter he has pushed, yet nought has
won.
Though sad his life, remorse now knows
him not;

But he is worn with labor, and he dreams
That with the dead toil still may be his lot,
Where Erebus laves the fields with darksome
streams.

TO HERMES CRIOPHORUS

That the companion of the Naiads may
Be pleased to bring the ewe the ram anigh,
So that through him might endless multiply
The browsing flocks that near Galæsus stray,

He should be gladdened with the feast's
array

Beneath the herdsman's reedy canopy;
Sweet, sacrifice to the Divinity
On marble table or on block of clay.

Then honor Hermes; for the God so sly
Prefers pure hands that bid chaste victims
die
To splendor's wealth of altar or of fane.

Friend, raise on border of thy mead a
mound,
And with the blood of hairy goat there stain
The turf with purple and imbrue the ground.

THE YOUTHFUL DEAD

Oh, do thou quickly through the grasses
move
Beneath which lie my ashes in despair,
Nor the flowers trample of my grave from
where
I list to ant and ivy creep above.

Thou stop'st? Thou heard'st the coo of
mourning dove.
Oh, on my tomb her sacrifice forbear;
If thou lov'st me, give her the ambient air;
Life is so sweet, still let her taste thereof.

Thou know'st? Beneath the portal's myrtle
wreath,
Virgin and spouse, at nuptial shrine came
death—
From all I loved so far, and yet so near.

My eyes respond not to the happy light,
And now forevermore I'm wrapped in drear,
Remorseless Erebus and gloomy Night.

REGILLA

Annia Regilla, Aphrodite's own
And Ganymede's, in death reposes here—
Æneas' daughter to Herodes dear.
So beauteous, happy, young, for her make
moan.

The Shade, whose lovely body here lies
lone,
In the Blest Isles with him who rules
austere
Counts all the days, the months, and long,
long year,
Since banished far from all that she had
known.

Her memory haunts her spouse, and
unconsoled,
On purple bed of ivory and gold
He sleepless tosses and lamenting cries.

He yet delays. He comes not. And the
dear's
Lorn spirit, filled with anxious hope, still
flies
Round the black sceptre Rhadamanthus
rears.

THE RUNNER

ON A STATUE BY MYRON

As when at Delphi, Thymus close behind,
He flew through stadium to applause's roar,
So on this plinth now Ladas runs once
more,
On bronze foot, slim, and swifter than the
wind.

With arm outstretched, eyes fixed, trunk
front inclined,
The beaded drops of sweat his face glide
o'er;
Sure, sculptor scarce had cast his form
before
It leaped all living from the mould designed.

He throbs, he trembles, hopes, yet fears to
lose;
His side heaves, the cleaved air his lips
refuse,
And with the strain his muscles jutting rise.

His spirit's ardor nought can now control,
And far beyond his pedestal he flies
In the arena toward the palm and goal.

THE CHARIOTEER

Stranger, that one who treads the golden
pole,
His steeds of black, in one hand fourfold
rein,
The other holding whip of ashen grain,
Better than Castor can his car control.

His father's not so high on glory's roll
But see, he starts, the limit red to gain,
And strews his rivals o'er the arena's
plain—
This Libyan bold dear to the Emperor's
soul.

Round the dazed circus toward the goal and
palm
Seven times the victor, dizzy yet still calm,
Has whirled. All Hail, son of Calchas the
Blue!

And thou mayst see (if that a mortal eye
The heaven-crowned car with wings of fire
may view)
Once more to Porphyry glorious Victory
fly.

ON OTHRYS

TO PUVIS DE CHAVANNES

The air blows fresh. The sun sinks
gorgeously.

The kine fear not ox-fly's nor beetle's pest.
On Othrys' slopes the shadows lengthen;—
rest.

Dear guest, sent by the Gods, rest here with
me.

While drinking foamy milk thine eye shall
see,

From threshold of my rural cot, the crest
Olympian, Tymphrestus' snowy breast,
The soaring mountains, fertile Thessaly,

Eubœa and the Sea; through twilight's red
Callidromus and Cæta's sacred head,
Where Hercules his altar raised and pyre;

And there below, Parnassus' glowing height,
Where Pegasus now folds his wings of fire,
To mount at dawning in immortal flight.

ROME AND THE BARBARIANS

FOR VIRGIL'S SHIP

May your kind stars guard well all dangers
through,

Bright Dioscuri, Helen's kin divine,
The Latin poet who would fain see shine
The golden Cyclades amid the blue.

May he have softest airs man ever knew;
May perfume-breathed Iapyx now incline
With swelling sail to speed him o'er the
brine,
Until the stranger shore shall glad his view.

Through the Archipelago, where dolphins
glide,

The Mantuan singer fortunately guide;
Lend him, O Cygnus' sons, fraternal ray.

One-half my soul the fragile boat contains,
Which o'er the sea that heard Arion's lay
Bears glorious Virgil to the Gods' domains.

A LITTLE VILLA

Yes, that's the heritage of Gallus hoar
Thou dost on yon cisalpine hill descry;
A pine his humble house is sheltered by,
Whose lowly roof the thatch scarce covers
o'er.

And yet for guest he has sufficing store:
His oven is large, his vines make glad the
eye,
And in his garden lupines multiply.
'Tis little?—Gallus ne'er has longed for more.

His grove yields fagots through the winter
hours,
And shade in summer under leafy bowers,
While autumn brings some passing thrush
for prize.

'Tis there, contented with his narrow round,
He ends his days upon his natal ground.
Go, now thou knowest why Gallus is so
wise.

THE FLUTE

Lo, evening's here. Some pigeons skyward
fly.

O goatherd, nought so soothes love's
feverous wound

As pipe well blown, when its appeasing
sound

Blends with the sedgy stream's soft,
murmuring sigh.

In plane-tree's shade the grass, where
stretched we lie,

Is soft. Let, friend, that goat, now
rambling round,

Climb yonder rock where tenderest buds
abound,

And freely browse nor list her kidling's cry.

With seven unequal stems of hemlock made,
Well joined with wax, my flute, or sharply
played

Or grave, weeps, sings, or wails, as I
incline.

Come. Learn Silenus' art that knows no
death,

And thy love-plaints will, by this pipe divine,
Be driven to flight mid its harmonious
breath.

TO SEXTIUS

Clear skies; the sands the boat has glided
o'er;
The orchards bloom; the frost with silvery
sheet
No longer glints from mead the morn to
greet,
And ox and neatherd leave their stabled
store.

All things revive;—yet Death and his sad
lore
Still press us; and the day thou'lt surely
meet,
When by the dice the revel's royal seat
Will be allotted to thyself no more.

Life's short, O Sextius! Upon it seize;
Already age makes havoc of our knees.
In the bleak land of Shades no springtime
is.

Then come. The woods are green, and
season right
To immolate to Faun, in haunts of his,
A black-haired goat or lamb with fleece of
white.

The God of the Gardens

To Paul Aréne

THE GOD OF THE GARDENS

I

Olim truncus eram ficulnus

HORACE

Come not! Away! Let not one step be
stayed!

Insidious pillager, I fancy you
Would steal the grapes, mad-apples, olives,
too,
Which the sun ripens in the orchard's shade.

I watch. A shepherd once with hedge-bill
blade
Carved me from fig-tree trunk Ægina knew;
Laugh, but consider how Priapus grew,
And know none can his fierce revenge evade.

Of old, to seamen dear, on galley's beak
With ruddy glow I stood, and joyed to
speak
To laughter-sparkling or foam-crested waves;

And now the fruits and herbs I keep watch
o'er,
To shield this garden from marauding
knaves . . .
The smiling Cyclades I'll ne'er see more.

THE GOD OF THE GARDENS

II

Hujus nam domini colunt me Deumque salutant

CATULLUS

Respect, O Traveller, if my wrath you fear,
That humble roof of rush and flag above
A grandsire's and his children's mutual
love;
He owns the close and spring that bubbles
clear.

'Twas he who placed, amid the area here,
My emblem set in lime-tree's heart, to prove
His only God am I—sole guardian of
His orchard decked with flowers I hold most
dear.

Rustic and poor, and yet devoted they;
For on my gaine they piously display
Poppy, green barley-ears and violet;

And twice a year, by knife of planter slain,
The rural altar with the blood is wet
Of youthful, bearded goat of potent strain.

THE GOD OF THE GARDENS**III***Ecce villicus**Venit . . .*

CATULLUS

Ho, you sly imps! Of dog, of traps, beware!
As guardian here, I would not, for my sake,
Have one pretending garlic bulb to take
Plunder my fruit-groves nor my grape-vines
spare.

Below, the planter mows his field, from
where
He spies you; if he comes here, by my
stake!
With hard wood wielded by his arm he'll
make
Your loins well smoke, what'er a God may
care.

Quick, take the left-hand path, and with it
wind
Till at the hedge's end a beech you find;
Then heed the word one slips into your ear:

A negligent Priapus lives near by;
His arbor pillars you can see from here,
Where blushing grapes in shade-wrapped
greenery lie.

THE GOD OF THE GARDENS

IV

Mihi Corolla pieta vere ponitur

CATULLUS

Enter. Fresh coated have my pillars been,
And in my arbor, from the sunshine's glare,
The shade is softest. Balm perfumes the
air,
And April decks the ground with blossomy
sheen.

By turns the seasons crown me: olives
green,
Ripe grapes, great, golden ears, and flower-
cups fair;
While goats their creamy milk still kindly
spare,
Which curded in the vat each morn is seen.

The master honors me for service done;
Nor thrush nor thief despoils his vines, and
none
Is better guarded in the Roman land.

Sons fair, wife virtuous, the man at home
Each eve from market jingles in his hand
The shining deniers he has brought from
Rome.

THE GOD OF THE GARDENS

V

Rigetque dura barba juncta crystallo
Diversorum poetarum lusus

How cold! The vines with frost are
glittering;
The sun I watch for, knowing the time exact
When dawn red tints Soracte's snows.
Distract
Is rural God—man's so perverse a thing.

For twenty winters, lonely, shivering,
In this old close I've lived. My beard's
compact,
My paint scales off, my shrunken wood is
cracked,
And now the worms may come to gnaw and
sting.

Why of Penates am I not, or Lar
Domestic even, retouched, from care afar,
With fruits and honey gorged, or wreathed,
as they?

In the fore-court the wax ancestors grace
I should grow old, and on their virile day
The children round my neck their bullæ
place.

TEPIDARIUM

O'er their soft limbs has myrrh its fragrance
shed;
And bathed in warmth beneath December's
skies
They dream, while the bronze lamp with
flaming eyes
Throws light and shadow on each beauteous
head.

On byssus cushions of empurpled bed
Some amber, rosy figure nerveless tries
To stretch, or bend, or from the couch to
rise,
Where linen's folds voluptuously spread.

An Asian woman, mid the heated room,
In naked flesh that feels the ardent fume,
Twists her smooth arms with languorous
control;

And the pale daughters of Ausonia see
With gloating eye the rich, wild harmony,
As o'er her bronzed bust her jet locks roll.

TRANQUILLUS

C. Plinii Secundi Epist. Lib. I, Ep. XXIV

Suetonius' pleasing country this; and he
Near Tibur raised his humble villa where
Some vine-clad wall the years still kindly
 spare,
And arcade's ruin wreathed in greenery.

Here, far from Rome, he came each fall to
 see
The sky's last azure, and from elm-trees'
 care
To take the plenteous grapes empurpling
 there.
His life flowed on in calm tranquility.

In this sweet pastoral peace would Claudius
 bide,
Caligula and Nero; here, with pride,
Vile Messalina in her purple strolled;

And here with pointed stylus he has told,
Scratched in the unpitying wax, of him who
 tried
In Capri all that's foul when he was old.

LUPERCUS

M. Val Martialis. Lib. I, Epigr. CXVIII

Lupercus from afar cries:— Poet dear,
Thy latest Epigram is wondrous fine;—
Wilt thou not lend me all thy works divine?
My slave will call for them when morning's
here.

—Ah, no. He limps, he pants, he's old and
sere;
My stairs are steep, my house remote from
thine;
Dost thou not live close by the Palatine?
Atrectus in the Argiletum's near—

At Forum's corner, where he'll sell to us
The dead and living: Virgil, Silius,
Terence and Pliny, Phædrus and the rest;

There, on a shelf, and one not very high,
Pounced, robed in purple, and in cedar nest,
Martial's for sale at five denarii.

THE TREBIA

This dawn so fair but brings an evil day:
The camp has roused. The waters roaring
go

Where the Numidian light-horse drink below;
And everywhere the pealing trumpets play.

For spite of Scipio, of the augurs' nay,
Of wind and rain, the Trebia's swollen flow,
Sempronius Consul, proud new fame to
know,

Has bade with axe the lictors lead his way.

The Insubres their burning homes behold,
The horizon reddening with the flames
uprolled,

While far resounds the elephant's loud cry.

Beneath the bridge, leaning against an arch,
Deep-musing Hannibal, with triumph high,
Lists to the tramping legions as they march.

AFTER CANNÆ

One Consul killed; one to Venusia fled,
Or to Liternum; Aufidus choked full
With dead and arms; lightning the capitol
Has struck; the bronze sweats; and the
 heavens look dread.

In vain the Gods' Feast has the Pontiff
 spread
And twice has sought the sibyl's oracle;
The sob of the bereaved one knows no lull,
And grieving Rome in terror bows her
 head.

Each evening to the aqueducts they swarm:
Plebs, slaves, the women, children, the
 deform —
All that the prison or the slum can spew —

To see, on Sabine Mount of blood-hued dyes,
Seated on elephant Gætulian, rise
The one-eyed Chieftain to their anxious
 view.

TO A TRIUMPHER

Illustrious Imperator, thine arch crown
With old chiefs yoked, barbarian warriors'
 throng,
Bits that to armor and to boats belong,
With beak and stern of ships thine arms
 struck down.

Whoe'er thou art, from Ancus sprung or
 clown,
Thy honors, names and lineage, short or
 long,
In bas-reliefs and frieze engrave them
 strong,
That future years dim not thy just renown.

Even now Time lifts his fatal arm. Dost
 hope
To give thy fame's report eternal scope?
Why, let an ivy climb, thy trophy dies;

And on thy blazoned blocks, dispersed and
 rent,
As choked with grass their glory's ruin lies,
Some Samnite mower will his scythe
 indent.

Antony and Cleopatra

THE CYDNUS

Beneath triumphal blue, in flaming ray,
The silver trireme tints the dark flood white,
And censers breathe rich perfumes that unite
With rustling silks and flutes' mellifluous
play.

Where, at the prow, the spread-hawk holds
his way,
Cleopatra forward leans for better sight,
And seems, as stands she in the evening
light,
Like some great golden bird in watch for
prey.

Now Tarsus sees the warrior captive there:
The dusky Lagian opes, in that charmed
air,
Her amber arms with roseate purple dyed;

Nor has she seen anear, as fateful sign,
Shredding the roses on the sombrous tide,
Those twins, Desire and Death, of life
divine.

EVENING OF BATTLE

Severe the battle's shock: Centurions
And tribunes, rallying their men, once more
Inhale from air that trembles with their roar
The scents and ardors of red slaughter's
sons.

With gloomy eyes, computing their lost
ones,
The soldiers see Phraortes' archer corps
Whirl like dead leaves afar, and quickly o'er
Their tawny cheeks the sweat all streaming
runs.

And then appeared, with arrows bristling
round,
Red from vermilion stream of many a
wound,
'Neath floating purple and the brass's glare,

To sound of trumpet's flourish, grand of
mien,
Quelling his plunging horse, and bathed in
sheen
Of fiery sky, the Emperor there.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

On Egypt sleeping under stifling sky
From lofty terrace gazed the wistful twain,
And watched the Flood that cleaves the
 Delta's plain
Toward Säis or Bubastis onward ply.

'Neath his cuirass the Roman's heart beat
 high,—
A captive soldier soothing infant's pain,—
As her voluptuous form was fondly fain
Within his arms in yielding swoon to lie.

Turning her pale face mid its locks of
 brown
Toward him whose reason perfumes had
 struck down,
She raised her mouth and luring, lustrous
 eye;

And o'er her bent, the chieftain did behold
In her great orbs, starry with dots of gold,
Only unbounded seas where galleys fly.

Epigraphic Sonnets

Bagnères-de-Luchon, Sept. 188..

THE VOW

ILIXONI
DEO
FAB. FESTA
V. S. L. M.

ISCITTO DEO
HVNNV
VLOHOXIS
FIL.
V. S. L. M.

The brown Garumnus smeared with red and
ochrous stain,
The swart Iberus and the light-haired Gaul,
of old,
Upon the votive marble cut by them, have
told
The virtues of the water and its power o'er
bane.

Below Venasque bald the Emperors then
were fain
To build the pool and thermæ of the Roman
mould;
And next 'twas Fabia Festa who, like them
controlled,
Collected for the Gods the mallow and
vervain.

To-day, as when Ilixon and Iscitt were
young,
The springs their song divine to me have
sweetly sung,
Where still the sulphur fumes in the
moraine's pure breath.

Hence in this vow-fulfilling verse 'tis mine
to raise,
Like Hunnu, son of Ulohox, in the bygone
days,
A rudely-fashioned altar to the Nymphs
beneath.

THE SPRING

NYMPHIS AVG. SACRVM

'Neath brier and grass the altar buried lies,
And falling drop by drop the nameless
 spring
Fills all the vale with plaintive murmuring.
'Tis Nymph that o'er the unremembered
 sighs.

The useless mirror where no wavelets rise
The dove now seldom kisses with her wing,
And from the darkling heavens the moon,
 lone thing,
Nought but her pallid face therein descries.

The thirsty, wandering herdsman here delays.
He drinks; then pours the drops, his thirst
 all flown,
From out his hand upon the road's old
 stone.

In this the ancestral gesture he betrays,
The Roman cippus to his eye unknown
Whereon stands patera near libation's vase.

THE BEECH-TREE GOD

FAGO DEO

The house of the Garumnus glads the
ground

Beneath a gnarlèd, mighty beech where wells
A God's pure sap by which the white bark
swells.

The mother forest makes his utmost bound;

For by the seasons blest he there has found
Nuts, wood and shade, and creatures that he
fells

With bow and spear, or with sly lures
compels,

For flesh to eat or fleece to wrap him
round.

The years have crowned his toil and made
him free;

And on his home-return at eve the Tree
With kindly arms seems proffering every
good;

And when life can no more to him allow,
His grandsons will cut out his coffin's wood
From heart corruptless of the worthiest
bough.

TO THE DIVINE MOUNTAINS

GEMINVS SERVVS
ET PRO SVIS CONSERVIS

Blue glaciers, peaks of marble, granite, slate,
Moraines whose winds send blighting ruin
through

The wheat and rye from Bègle to Néthou;
Lakes, woods of shade and nest, steep crags
serrate;

Lone caves, dark vales, where exiles desolate,
Sooner than crouch before the tyrant crew,
Wolf, chamois, eagle, bear, as comrades
knew;

Abysses, torrents, cliffs, blest be your state!

From cruel town and prison when he flew,
Geminus, the slave, this cippus gave unto
The Mountains, sacred guards of liberty;

And on these silence-pulsing summits clear,
In this pure, boundless air's immensity,
A freeman's cry still falls upon mine ear.

THE EXILED

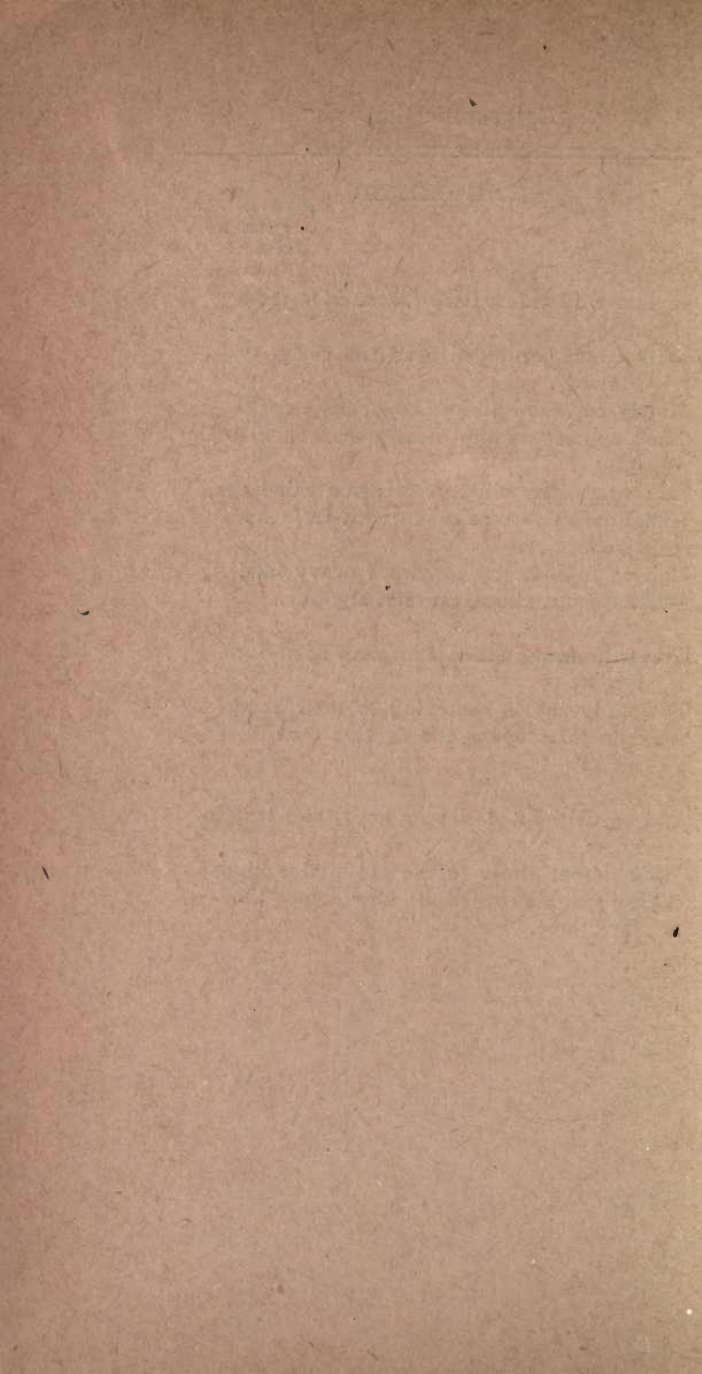
MONTIBVS. . . .
GARRI DEO. . . .
SABINVLA
V. S. L. M.

In this wild vale where Cæsar bids thee
sigh,
With bended, silvered head too early
snowed,
Slowly each eve along the Ardiège road
Thou comest on the moss-grown rock to lie.

Thy youth, thy villa, greet again thine eye,
And Flamen red, as when with train he
strode;
And so to ease thy longing's heavy load,
Sad Sabinula, thou regard'st the sky.

Toward seven-pointed Gar with splendors
bright,
The tardy eagles hastening to their height
Bear on their wings the dreams that fill thy
mind;

And so, without desire or hope, and lost to
home,
Thou raisest altars to the Mountains kind,
Whose neighboring Gods now solace thee
for Rome.



THE MIDDLE AGE AND THE
RENAISSANCE

A CHURCH WINDOW

This window hath seen dames and lords of
 might,
Sparkling with gold, with azure, flame and
 nacre,
Bow down, before the altar of their Maker,
The pride of crest and hood to august
 right;

Whene'er to horn's or clarion's sound, with
 tight
Held sword in hand, gerfalcon or the saker,
Toward plain or wood, Byzantium or Acre,
They started for crusade or herons' flight.

To-day, the seigniors near their chatelaines,
With hound low crouching at their long
 poulaines,
Extended lie upon the marble floor.

Voiceless and deaf are they; while yet they
 stare,
With stony eyes that never can see more,
Upon the window's rose still blooming
 there.

EPIPHANY

Then, Balthazar, Melchior, Gaspar—Magian
Kings,
With gorgeous vases where enamels glow,
And silver, and by camels followed, go
As in the bodied, old imaginings.

From the far East they bear their offerings
To that divine One born to assuage the woe
Of man and beast who suffer here below.
Their robes beflowered a page upbearing
brings.

Where Joseph waits them at the stable's
door,
With Chieftain's crown they bend the Child
before,
Who laughs and eyes them with admiring
mien.

'Tis thus that when Augustus ruled, from far,
Presenting incense, gold and myrrh, were
seen
The Magians, Gaspar, Melchior, Balthazar.

The repetition (in the original) of the uncouth names of the Magi might well be omitted by rendering the final tercet as follows:

So, when Augustus ruled in time of old,
The royal Magians from afar were seen
Presenting precious incense, myrrh, and gold.

THE WOOD-WORKER OF NAZARETH

To make a dresser the good master here
Has ceaseless toiled since dawn with weary
 strain,
Handling by turns the chisel and the plane,
The grating rasp and smoothing polisher.

With pleasure hence he sees, toward eve,
 draw near
The lengthening shadow of the great
 platane,
Where blessed Mary and her mother Saint
 Anne,
With Jesus nigh them, go for restful cheer.

The parching air stirs not the leaves at all;
And Joseph, sore fatigued, his gouge lets
 fall,
As with his apron he would dry his face;

But the sacred Prentice, in a glory's fold,
Makes alway, in the shop's obscurest place,
Fly from the cutting edge his chips of gold.

A MEDAL

Rimini's Lord, Vicar and Podestate:—
His hawked profile, clearly or vaguely seen
In tawny glimmer as of day's last sheen,
Lives in this medal de' Pastis did create.

Of all the tyrants whom a people hate,
Count, Duke or Marquis, Prince or
Princeling e'en,—
Galeas, Hercules, Can or Ezzelin,—
None can the haughty Malatesta mate.

This one, the best, this Sigismond Pandolf,
Laid waste Romagna, Marches and the Gulf,
A temple built, made love, and sang the
while;

And even their women lack refinement's
crown;
For on the selfsame bronze that sees Isotta
smile
The Elephant triumphal tramps the primrose
down.

THE RAPIER

On pommel's gold Calixtus Pope we read.
The trammel, barque, tiara and the keys,
Adorn with raised and sumptuous blazonries
The guard where Borgian ox is armored;

While laughs, midst ivy gemmed with coral
seed,
In fusil, Faunus or Priapus. These
So fulgent glow, they daze whomso that sees
E'en more than does the blade's edge fit for
need.

Antonio Perez de Las Cellas planned
This pastoral staff for the first Borgia's hand,
As though his famous brood he had foretold;

And better far than Ariosto's phrase,
Or Sannazar's, this steel, with hilt of gold,
Pope Alexander and the Prince portrays.

AFTER PETRARCH

As you came out of church, with piety
Your noble hands bestowed alms freely
 where
Within the shadowy porch you shone so
 fair,
The poor all heaven's great riches seemed
 to see.

I then saluted you most graciously—
Humbly, as suits one in discretion's care;
When, drawing close your robe, with angry
 air
Your face you shaded as you turned from
 me.

But Love that will the most rebellious rule,
Would not consent, less kind than beautiful,
That mercy should let pity pass me by;

And in your veiling you were then so slow,
The umbrageous lashes of your beaming eye
Throbbled like dark leafage in the starlight's
 glow.

ON THE BOOK OF LOVES OF
PIERRE DE RONSARD

In Bourgueil Gardens more than one of
yore
Engraved upon the bark names fondly
sweet,
And many a heart 'neath Louvre's gold
ceilings beat,
At flash of smile, with pride to very core.

What matters it?—their joy or grief is o'er;
They lie in stillness where four oak boards
meet
Beneath the sighing grass, with none to
greet
Their voiceless dust that feeds oblivion's
shore.

All die. Mary, Helen, Cassandra bold,
Your lovely forms would be but ashes cold,
—Nor rose nor lily sees the morrow's
land—

Had Ronsard by the Seine or Loire not
wove
For brows of yours, with an immortal hand,
Fame's laurel leaf with myrtle leaf of Love.

THE BEAUTIFUL VIOLE

TO HENRY CROS

A vous troupe légère
Qui d'aile passagère
Par le monde volez . . .

JOACHIM DU BELLAY

Upon the balcony, where her longing eyes
The road to far-off Italy can trace,
'Neath a pale olive branch she bows her
face.

The violet blooms to-day, to-morrow dies.

Her viol then with fragile hand she tries,
That soothes her solitude and saddened case,
And dreams of him whose heedless footsteps
pace

The dust wherein Rome's fallen grandeur
lies.

The soul of her he called his Angevine
sweet

Bids each vibrating string divinely beat,
Whene'er her troubled heart feels love's
sharp pain;

And on the winds her notes far distant run,
Caressing, it may be, the faithless one
In song he sang for winnower of grain.

EPITAPH

After the Verses of Henry III

O passer, Hyacinthe lies hallowed here,
Who, living, Lord of Maugiron was; he's
gone—
God rest the soul, and all the sins condone,
Of him who fell unshaken with a fear.

None, not e'en Quélus decked with pearl-
gemmed gear,
In plaited ruff or plumed cap princelier
shone,
And so thou seest this mournful marble
own
A branch of jacinth cut by Myron's peer.

King Henry kissed and clipped him and his
shroud
Put on; then willed that to Saint-Germain
proud
Be borne his pale, cold form of matchless
grace;

And that such grief as his might never die,
He raised this emblem in this sacred place —
Sad, sweet memorial of Apollo's sigh.

GILDED VELLUM

The gold, old Master Binder, thou didst
chase
On the book's back and in the edge's grain,
Despite the irons pushed with free-hand
main,
In vivid, brilliant hue no more we trace.

The figures which so deftly interlace
Grow daily on the fine, white skin less plain;
And scarce we see the ivy thou didst train
To wind in beauty o'er the cover's space.

But this translucent, supple ivory,
Marguerite, Marie—Diane, it e'en may be,
With loving fingers have of old caressed;

And this paled vellum Clovis Eve gilt seems
To evoke, I know not by what charm
possessed,
Their perfume's spirit and shadow of their
dreams.

THE DOGARESSA

On porticos of marble palace these
Great lords converse who live through
 Titian's lore,
And whose rich collars, weighing marc or
 more,
Enhance their red dalmatic draperies.

With eyes where shine patrician dignities,
The old lagoons they look serenely o'er,
Beneath clear skies of Venice, to the shore
And sparkling azure of the Adrian seas.

And while in brilliant throng full many a
 Knight
Trails gold and purple by the stairs of
 white,
Bathed in cerulean sheen all joys constrain;

Indolent, superb, a Dame, retired in shade,
Turning half round in billows of brocade,
Smiles at the negro boy who bears her
 train.

ON THE OLD BRIDGE

Antonio di Sandro orifice

The Master Goldsmith has, since matins,
 where
Beneath his pencils the enamel flowed,
On clasp or on nielloed pax bestowed
Latin devices in resplendence rare.

Upon the Bridge, where bells made glad the
 air,
Camail and frock were by the cape elbowed;
And when the heaven like some church
 window glowed,
The lovely Florentines were haloed there.

And quick beguiled by dream that passion
 knows,
The pensive prentices forgot to close
On ring's chaton the lovers' hands in plight;

While with hard point as any stylet keen,
The young Cellini chased, all else unseen,
On pommel of a dirk the Titans' fight.

THE OLD GOLDSMITH

Than any Master the maitrise can blaze,
E'en Ruyz, Arphé, Ximeniz, Becerrill,
All gems I've deftlier set, and with more
skill
Have wrought the frieze and handle of the
vase.

In silver, on the enamel's irised glaze,
I've carved and painted, to my soul's worst
ill,
Instead of Christ on cross and saint on grill,
Shame! Bacchus drunk or Danaë's amaze.

The rapier's iron I've damaskeened full well,
And, for vain boastings of these works of
hell,
Adventured the eternal part of me;

And now, as fast my years toward evening
fly,
O would, as did Fray Juan de Segovie,
While chasing gold of monstrance I might
die.

THE SWORD

Believe me, pious child, keep the old road:
This sword with branch of cross-guard
twisted thus,
In the quick hand of one that's vigorous,
Weighs not so much as Romish ritual's
load.

Take it. The Hercules thy touch has
glowed,
Its gold well polished by thy grandsires' use,
Now swells beneath its surface splendidous
The iron muscles that proclaim a God.

Try it. The supple steel a bouquet shows
Of sparks. The solid blade is one of those
To send a prideful shiver through the breast;

Bearing, in hollow of its brilliant gorge,
Like noble Dame a gem, the stamp
impressed
Of Julian del Rey, prince of the forge.

TO CLAUDIUS POPELIN

On fragile glass, within the lead's embrace,
Old Masters painted lords of high degree
Turning their chaperons full piously,
And bowed in prayer, as though of bourgeois
race.

The breviary's vellum others did grace
With saints and ornaments a joy to see,
Or made to glow, by pliant touch and free,
Gold arabesques on ewer's bellied space.

To-day, Claudius, their rival and their son,
Reviving in himself their works sublime,
On lasting metal has his triumphs won;

And hence, beneath the enamel of my
rhyme,
I would keep green upon his brow alway,
For future ages, the heroic Bay.

ENAMEL

Now take thy lamp; the oven for plaque
doth glow;
Model paillon where irised colors run,
And fix with fire in the pigment dun
The sparkling powder which thy pencils
know.

Wilt wreathe with myrtle or with bay the
brow
Of thinker, hero, prince, or love's dear one?
By what God wilt, on sky unlit by sun,
The glaucous sea-horse or scaled hydra
show?

No. Rather let a sapphire orb reveal
From Ophir's warrior race some proud
profile—
Thalestris, Bradamant, Penthesilea.

And that her beauty may be still more fell,
Casque her blonde locks with wingèd beast,
and be a
Gold gorgon on her bosom's lovely swell.

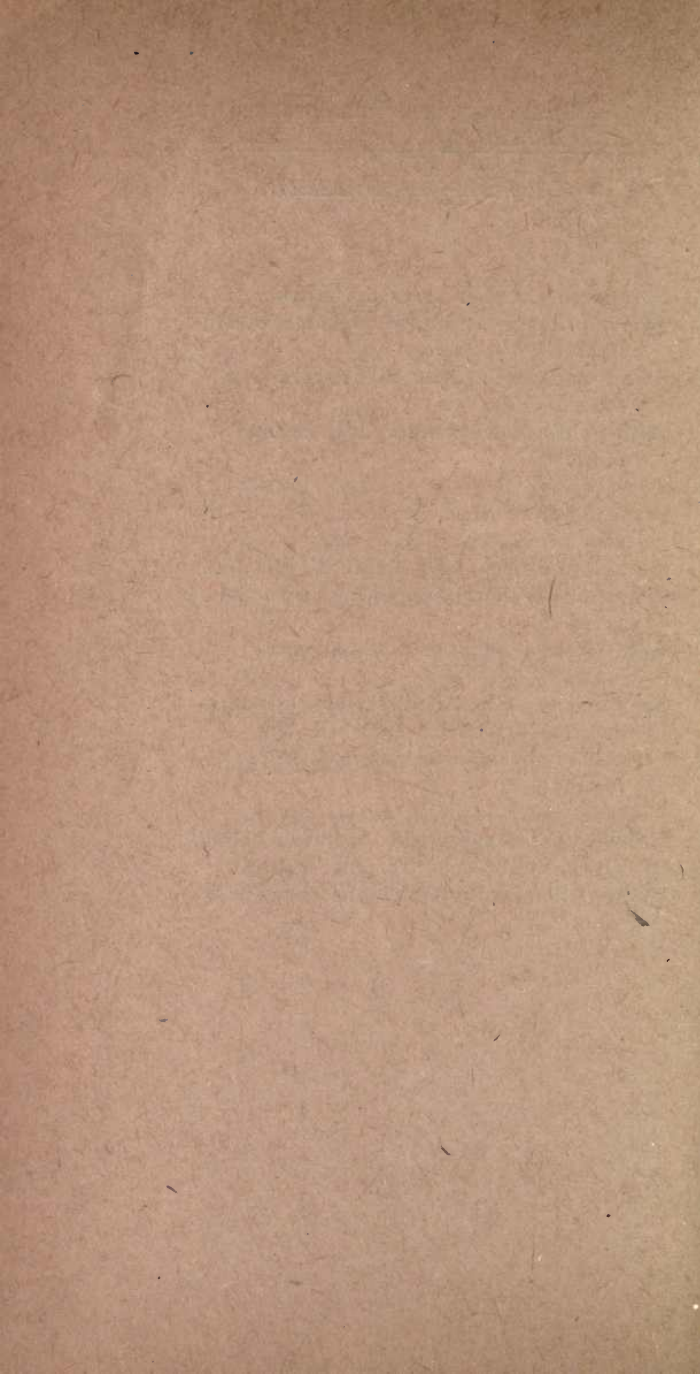
DREAMS OF ENAMEL

In sombre chamber roars the athanor,
Whose brick-cased fire, in ardent, glowing
state,
Breathes on the copper till it there will
mate
With gold's own splendor from enamel's
store.

Beneath my brushes are born, live, run and
soar
Mythology's rare race: Bacchus' wild fête,
Chimæra, Centaurs, Sphinx, and Pan the
great,
With Gorgon, Pegasus and Chrysaor.

Shall I now paint Achilles weeping near
Penthesilea? Orpheus' banished dear
For whom the infernal gate will ne'er
relent?

Hercules confounding the Avernian hound,
Or Virgin at the cavern's outer bound
With writhing body which the Dragons
scent?



The Conquerors

THE CONQUERORS

As falcons from their native eyry soar,
So, tired with weight of their disdainful
woes,

Rovers and captains out of Palos rose,
To daring, brutish dreams mad to the core.

They longed to seize the fabled metal ore
Which in Cipango's mines to ripeness grows,
And trade-winds willingly inclined their
prows

Toward the mysterious occidental shore.

Each eve, athirst for morrow's epic scene,
The tropic sea with phosphorescent sheen
Bound all their visions in mirage of gold;

Or from the fore-deck of their white carvels
They watched amazed, on alien skies
enscrolled,

Strange stars new risen from ocean's
glowing wells.

YOUTH

Juan Ponce de Leon, by the Devil led,
With years weighed down, and crammed
 with antique lore,
Seeing age blanch his scanty hair still more,
The far seas scoured to find Health's
 Fountainhead.

By vain dream haunted his Armada sped
Three years the glaucous solitudes to
 explore,
Till through the fog of the Bermudan shore
Loomed Florida whose skies enchantment
 shed.

Then the Conquistador his madness blessed,
And with enfeebled hand his pennon pressed
In that bright earth which opened for his
 tomb.

Old man, most happy thou: thy fortune
 sooth
Is deathlike, but thy dream bears beauty's
 bloom,
For Fame has given thee immortal Youth.

THE TOMB OF THE CONQUEROR

Where the catalpa's arches cast their
 shade,
And tulip tree in petaled glory blows,
He finds not in the fatal land repose;
O'er prostrate Florida he passed unstayed.

For such as he no paltry tomb be made;
For shroud, the Western India's conqueror
 shows
The Mississippi which above him flows.
Nor Redskins nor gray bears his rest invade.

He sleeps where virgin waters carved his
 couch;
What matters monument, the taper's vouch,
The psalm, the chapel and the offering?

Since northern winds, amid the cypress'
 sighs,
Eternal supplications weep and sing
O'er the Great River where de Soto lies.

IN THE TIME OF CHARLES THE
FIFTH EMPEROR

We place him with the famed ones passed
away,
For his adventurous keel the first was seen
To thread the island Gardens of the Queen,
Where breezes made of perfumes ever play.

Far more than years, the surge and biting
spray,
Infuriate storms, and long, long calms
between,
Love of the mermaid and the fright, I
ween,
Blanched his brown hair and turned his
beard to gray.

Through him Castile led Triumph o'er the
seas,
For his fleet crowned her that unrivalled one
Whose boundless empire saw no setting
sun.

Prince of all pilots, Bartolomé Ruiz,
Who, on the royal arms, still lustrous told,
Bears anchor sable with its chain of gold.

THE ANCESTOR

TO CLAUDIUS POPELIN

Glory has cut its noble furrows o'er
This great Cavalier's stern face, whose
dauntless air
Proclaims he yielded not when the fierce
glare
Of war and torrid sun beat on him sore.

In every place the sacred Cross he bore —
Côte-Ferme, the Islands, and Sierras bare;
The Andes scaled; then led his pennon where
The Gulf's waves whiten the Floridian shore.

Thy pencils, Claudius, bid his kin behold,
In his bronze mail splendid with foliage
scrolled,
In life again their moody, proud grandsire;

His glowering eye still searching as of old,
In the enamel's heaven of lustrous fire,
For dazzling glories of Castile of Gold.

TO A FOUNDER OF A CITY

Weary with seeking Ophir's shadowy strand
Thou foundedst, on this gulf's enchanting
shore

Which thou the royal standard raisedst o'er,
A modern Carthage for the fabled land.

Thou wouldst not have thy name by men
unscanned,

And thoughtst to bind it fast forevermore
To this thy City's mortar mixed with gore;
But thy hope, Soldier, rested on the sand.

For Cartagena sees, all choked her breath,
From her dark palaces, thy wall meet
death

In ocean's feverous, unrelenting stream;

And for thy crest alone, O Conqueror bold,
As proof heraldic of thy splendid dream,
A silver city glows 'neath palm of gold.

TO THE SAME

Their Inca, Aztec, Yaquis, let them flaunt;
Their Andes, forest, river or their plain —
These men of whom no marks or proofs
 remain
Save titled show of Marquis or of Count.

But thou didst found — boast that my race
 can vaunt —
A modern Carthage in the Carib main,
And Magdalena even to Darien
Where flows Atrato, saw the Cross high
 mount.

Upon thine isle, where waves their breakers
 hurl,
Despite the centuries' storms and man's
 mad raids,
Her forts and convents still their stoutness
 hold;

Hence thy last sons, with trefoil, ache or
 pearl,
Crest not their scutcheon, but with palm
 that shades
A silver city with its plume of gold.

TO A DEAD CITY*Cartagena de Indias**1532-1585-1697*

City deject, the Queen whom seas obeyed!—
Unhindered now the shark pursues its prey,
And where the giant galleons proudly lay
Nought but some wandering cloud now casts
a shade.

Since Drake's fell heretics' rapacious raid
Thy lonely walls have mouldered in decay,
And, like grand collar gloomed by pearls of
gray,
Show gaping holes by Pointis' cannon made.

Between the burning sky and foaming sea,
To drowsy sun's noontide monotony,
Thou dream'st, O Warrior, of thy conquering
men;

And in the languorous evenings warm and
calm,
Cradling thy glory lost, O City, then
Thou sleep'st to long-drawn rustling of the
palm.

THE ORIENT AND THE TROPICS

VISION OF KHEM

I

Mid-day. The air burns; beneath the
blazing sky
The languid river rolls in leaden flight;
The blinding zenith darts its arrowy light,
And on all Egypt glares Phra's pitiless eye.

The sphinxes with undrooping eyelids lie
Lapped in the scorching sand, with tranquil
sight,
Mysterious, changeless, fixed upon the white
Needles of stone upreared so proudly high.

Nought stains or specks the heaven serene
and clear
Save the far vultures in unending sweep;
The boundless flame lulls man and beast to
sleep;

The parched soil crackles, and Anubis here,
Amid these joys of heat immobile one,
With brazen throat in silence bays the sun.

VISION OF KHEM

II

The moon on Nilus sheds resplendent light;
And see, the old death-city stirs amain,
Where kings their hieratic pose maintain
In bandelette and funeral coating dight.

Unnumbered as in days of Ramses' might
The hosts, all noiseless forming mystic
train,
(A multitude granitic dreams enchain)
With stately, ordered ranks, march in the
night.

They leave the hieroglyphic walls' array
Behind the Bari, which the priests convey,
Of Ammon-Ra, the sun's almighty head;

And sphinxes, and the rams with disk of red,
Uprise at once in wild amaze as they
Break with a start from their eternal bed.

VISION OF KHEM

III

And the crowd grows, increasing more and
more:

The dead come forth from hypogeum's night,
And from cartouche the sacred hawks in
flight

Mid the great host in freedom proudly soar.

Beasts, peoples, kings, they go. Fierce
foreheads o'er,

The gold uræus curls with sparkling light,
But thick bitumen seals their thin lips tight.

At head, the Gods: Hor, Knoum, Ptah,
Neith, Hathor;

Next, those whom Ibis-headed Thoth
controls,

In shenti robed and crowned with pshent
all decked

With lotus blue. The pomp triumphant rolls

Amid the dreadful gloom of temples wrecked,
While the cold pavements wrapped in
moonlit air

Show giant shadows strangely lengthened
there.

THE PRISONER

TO GEROME

Muezzins' calls have ceased. The greenish
sky
Is fringed with gold and purple in the
West;

The crocodile now seeks the mud for rest,
And hushed to stillness is the Flood's last
cry.

On crossed legs, smoker-wise, with dreamy
eye,
The Chief sits mute, by haschisch fumes
oppressed,
While on the gangia's rowing bench with
zest
Their bending oars two naked negroes ply.

Jocund and jeering, in the stern-sheets
where
He scrapes harsh guzla to a savage air,
An Arnaut lolls with brutal look and vile;

For fettered to the boat and bleeding thence,
An old sheik views with grave and stupid
sense
The minarets that tremble in the Nile.

THE SAMURAI

This was a man with two swords

She wakes the biwa's softest melodies,
As through the latticed bamboo she espies
The conquering one for whom her love-
dream sighs
Advance amid the seashore's fulgencies.

'Tis he, with swords' and fan's rich braveries.
His tasseled girdle steeped in scarlet dyes
Cuts his dark mail, and on his shoulders
rise
Hizen's or Togukawa's blazonries.

This handsome warrior in his dress of plate,
Of brilliant lacquers, bronze and silk, would
mate
Some black crustacean, gigantesque, vermeil.

He sees her; — and he smiles behind his
mask,
While his more rapid pace makes brighter
still
The two gold horns that tremble on his
casque.

THE DAIMIO*Morning of battle*

Under black war-whip that four pompons
has
The martial, neighing stallion prances high,
And with the clank of sabre rattlings fly
From metal-plated skirt and bronze cuirass.

The Chief, in lacquer dressed, crepon and
brass,
Frees his smooth face from bearded mask,
to eye
Nippon's dawn smiling in the roseate sky
Upon the far volcano's snow-crowned mass.

But in the gold-hued east the star's bright
ray,
Lighting in glory this disastrous day,
He sees above the sea resplendent glow;

To shield his eyes that would no terror
shun,
His iron fan he opens with a blow,
Where burns its satin with a crimson sun.

FLOWERS OF FIRE

In ages past, since Chaos' mighty throes,
This crater loosed the mountain's flaming
 brood,
And grandly lone its plume of fire stood
At loftier height than Chimborazo's snows.

The summit echoless no murmur knows;
The bird now drinks where cinders poured
 their flood;
And bound in Earth's congealèd lava-blood
The soil has found inviolate repose.

Yet — act supreme of fire in time of old —
Within the crater's mouth forever cold,
Shedding o'er comminuted rocks its light,

Like peal of thunder in the silence rolled,
Standing in pollen-dust of powdered gold,
The flame-born cactus spreads its petals
 bright.

THE CENTURY FLOWER

On topmost point of calcined rocky steeps,
Where the volcanic flux dried up of yore,
The seed which winds from Huallatiri bore
Sprout, and the holding plant in frailness
 creeps.

It grows. Its roots dip down to darkness'
 deeps,
And light gives nourishment from out its
 store,
Till a century's suns have ripened more and
 more
The huge bud whose bent stalk it proudly
 keeps.

At last, in air that burns it as of old,
With giant pistil raised, it bursts, when lo!
The stamen darts afar the pollen's gold;

And the grand aloe, with its scarlet blow,
That vainly dreamed of Hymen's love-lit
 way
One hundred years, now blooms but for a
 day.

THE CORAL REEF

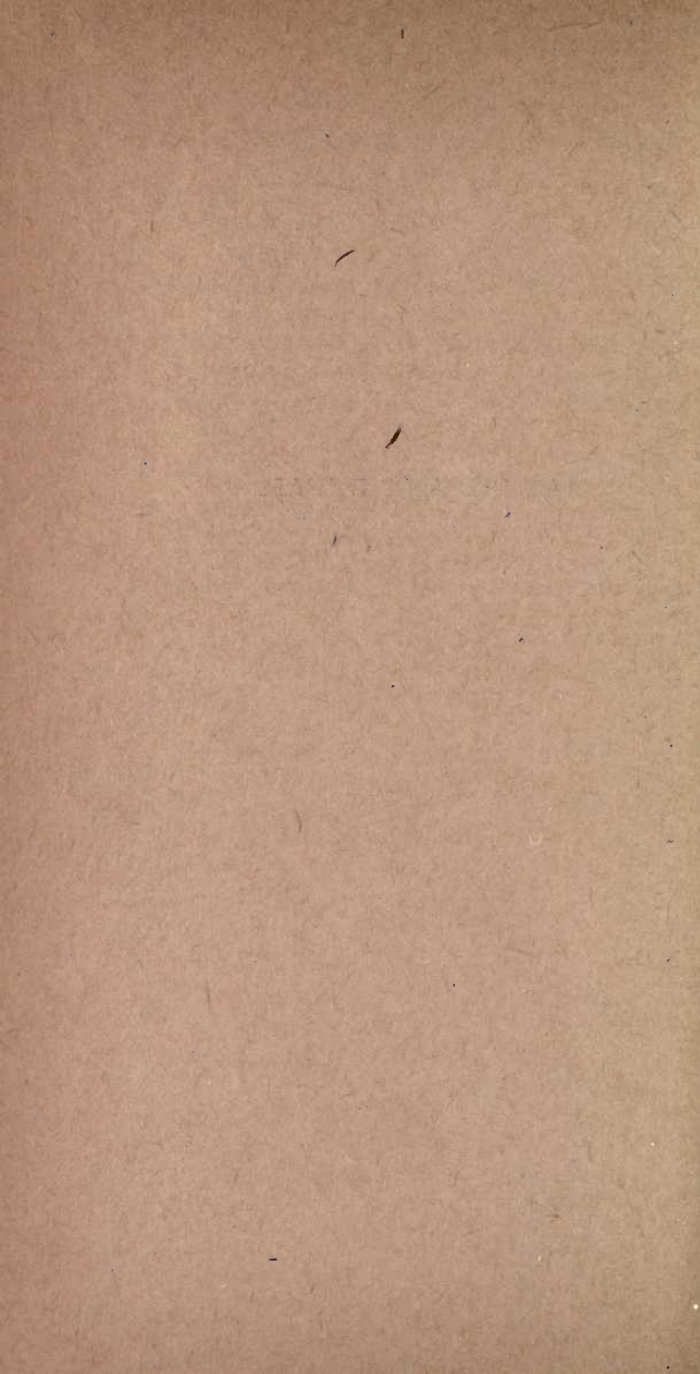
The sun beneath the wave, like strange
dawn shown,
Illumes the unbounded coral forest trees,
Where mix in tepid basins of the seas
The living plants with creatures flower-like
blown.

And those that salt's or iodine's tints have
known —
Moss, algæ, urchins and anemones —
Cover, with purple, sumptuous trceries,
The madreporë's vermiculated stone.

A monstrous fish, whose iridescence dims
Enamel's sheen, across the branches swims.
In lucid shade he indolently preys;

And, sudden, from his fin of flaming hue
A shiver, through the immobile, crystal-blue,
Of emerald, gold and nacre swiftly plays.

NATURE AND DREAM



ANTIQUÉ MEDAL

Ætna still ripens the colors of the vine,
That warmed with its antique Erigone
Theocritus' glad heart; but now not he,
Of those his verse embalmed, could find one
 sign.

Losing the pure from her profile divine,
Arethusa, who by turns was bond and free,
Mixed in her Grecian blood whate'er could be
Of Saracen rage with pride of Anjou's line.

Time flies. All die. Even marble feels
 death's dews.

Agrigentum's but a shade, while Syracuse
Sleeps under shroud of her indulgent sky;

And but hard metal fashioning love displayed
In silver medals keeps in bloom the high,
Immortal beauty of Sicilian maid.

THE FUNERAL

When ancient warriors Hades made its own,
Their sacred image Greece was wont to
 bear
To Phocis' lustrous fanes as Pytho there,
Rock-bound and lightning-girdled, ruled
 alone.

Whereat their Shades, when night in glory
 shone
On desert gulfs and isles all brightly fair,
Heard, from the headlands' height in radiant
 air,
Famed Salamis above their tombs intone.

But I, when old, in lengthening grief shall
 die,
And then nailed down in narrow coffin lie,
The earth's and tapers' cost, with priest's
 fee, paid;

And yet, in many a dream my soul aspires
To sink into the sun, even as the sires,
Still young and wept by hero and by maid.

THE VINTAGE

The wearied vintagers their tasks resign
With voices ringing in eve's tremulous air,
And as the women toward the wine-press
 fare,
They sing mid raillery and gesturing sign.

All white with flying swans the skies now
 shine,
As Naxos saw, with fume like censers bear,
When at the orgies sat the Cretan where
The Tamer revelled in the gladdening wine.

But Dionysus, with his thyrsus bright,
Who beasts and Gods made subject to his
 might,
Girds the wreathed yoke on panther
 nevermore;

Yet Autumn, daughter of the Sun, still
 twines
In dark and golden tresses, as of yore,
The sanguine leaves and branches of the
 vines.

SIESTA

No sound of insect or marauding bee;
All sleep in woods that droop beneath the
 sun,
Whose light, through foliage strained, its
 way has won
To emerald moss with bosom velvety.

Piercing the dusky dome bright Noon
 roams free,
And o'er my lashes half with sleep foredone
Bids myriad glints and gleamings furtive run,
That lace the shade with vermeil tracery.

Toward fiery gauze the rays inweave now
 hies
The fragile swarm of gorgeous butterflies,
Mad with sap's perfume and the luminous
 beams;

And trembling fingers on each thread I set,
As in gold meshes of this tenuous net,
Harmonious hunter, I imprison my dreams.

The Sea of Brittany

To Emmanuel Lansyer

A PAINTER

He knows the ancient, pensive race of dry
And flinty Breton soil — unvaried plain
Of rose and gray, where yew and ivy reign
O'er crumbling manors that beneath them lie.

From wind-swept slopes of writhing beech
his eye
Has joyed to see mid autumn's boisterous
train
The red sun sink beneath the foamy main,
His lips all salt with spray from reefs
dashed high.

He paints the ocean, splendidous, vast and
sad,
With cloud in amethystine beauty clad,
In frothy emerald and calm sapphire;

And water, air, shade, hour, that quick
would fly,
Fixing on canvas, he has made respire
In the sand's mirror the occidental sky.

BRITTANY

That joyous blood thy fretful mood may
quell,
Thy lungs should deeply drink the Atlantic
air
Perfumed with wrack the sea delights to
bear.
Arvor has capes the surge besprinkles well,

And furze and heather all their glories tell.
The demons', dwarfs' and clans' own land
so fair,
Friend, on the mountain's granite guard with
care —
Immobile man near thing immutable.

Come. Everywhere on moors about Arèz
Mounts toward heaven — cypress no hand
can slay —
The menhir's column raised above the Brave;

And Ocean, that beds with algæ's golden
store
Voluptuous Is and mighty Occismor,
Will soothe thy sadness with his cradling
wave.

A FLOWERY SEA

O'er pied plateau the wave-swept harvest
flows,
Rolls, undulates and breaks, with wind
rocked high,
And yon dark harrow, profiled on the sky,
Seems like some vessel in the tempest's
throes.

With blue, cerulean, violet or rose,
Or fleecy white from sheep the ebb makes
fly,
The sea, far as the West's empurpling dye,
Like boundless meadow verdurously glows.

The gulls, that watch the tide with eager
care,
On whirling wing with screams of joy fly
where
The ripened grain in golden billow lies;

While from the land a breeze of sweets
possessed
Disperses o'er the ocean's flowery breast
In wingèd rapture swarms of butterflies.

SUNSET

The blossomed furze — gem of the granite's
crest —

Gilds all the height the sun's last glories fill,
And far below, with foam refulgent still,
Unbounded spreads great ocean's heaving
breast.

Silence and Night are at my feet. The nest
Is hushed; the smoking thatch folds man
from ill;

And but the Angelus, with melodious thrill,
Lifts its calm voice amid the sea's unrest.

Then, as from bottom of abyss, there rise
From trails, ravines and moors the distant
cries

Of tardy herdsmen who their kine reclaim.

In deepening shade the whole horizon lies,
And the dying sun upon the rich, sad skies
Shuts the gold branches of his fan of flame.

STAR OF THE SEA

With linen coifs, arms crossed on breast, and
dight

In thin percale, or in wool's coarse array,
The kneeling women on the quay survey
The Isle of Batz that looms all foamy-white.

Their fathers, husbands, lovers, sons, unite
With Paimpol's, Audierne's, and Cancale's,
away

For the far North to sail. How many may,
Of these bold fishers, see no more home's
light!

Above the noise of ocean and of shore
The plaintive chant ascends as they implore
The Holy Star — sailor's last hope in ill;

While the Angelus, each face in prayerful
wise,
From Roscoff's towers to those of Sybiril,
In the pale, roseate heavens, floats, throbs,
and dies.

THE BATH

The man and beast, like antique monster,
free,
Reinless and nude, the sea have entered in
Mid the gold mist of pungent pulverin —
Athletic group on sky's refulgency.

The savage horse, and tamer rude as he,
Breathe the brine's fragrance deep their
lungs within,
As mad with joy they feel upon their skin
The Atlantic's billows beating icily.

The surge swells, runs, wall-like is piled,
Then breaks. They cry. His tail the
stallion plies
Until the wave in jets transplendent flies;

And with disheveled locks and aspect wild
Their smoking, heaving breasts they well
oppose
Against the foam-crowned breakers' lashing
blows.

CELESTIAL BLAZON

I've seen on blue enamel of the West
The clouds all silvery, purple, coppery, make
Great forms before the dazzled vision take
The shape of blazon splendidly impressed.

An heraldic beast, for bearers or for crest,
Alerion, leopard, unicorn or snake —
Huge captive ones whose chains a gust
 might break —
Upreats its figure and outswells its breast.

In those strange wars in space's vasty field,
When seraphs black the archangels fought,
 this shield
Was surely won by Baron heavenly;

It bears, as theirs who took Constantinople,
Like good crusader, Michael or George,
 may be,
The sun, bezant of gold, on sea sinople.

ARMOR

For guide to Raz a shepherd at Trogor,
Haired like Evhage of old, took me in care;
And then we trod, breathing its spicy air,
The Cymric land with golden broom grown
o'er.

The West grew red, and still we walked yet
more,
Till to my face the brine its breath did
bear;
When cried the man, stretching his long
arm where
The landscape lay beyond: Sell euz armor!

And o'er the heather's rose the ocean was
seen,
Which, splendid, monstrous, waters with the
green
Salt of its waves the cape's granitic breast;

And then my heart, before the horizon's void,
As evening's vasty shade drew toward the
West,
The rapture-thrill of space and winds
enjoyed.

A RISING SEA

The sun a beacon seems with fixed, white
light.
From Raz far as Penmarch the coast's in
fume,
And only wind-blown gulls with ruffled
plume
Through the mad tempest whirl in aimless
flight.

With ceaseless roll and fierce, impetuous
might
The glaucous waves, beneath their mane of
spume
Dispersing clouds of mist to thunderous
boom,
The distant, streaming reefs with plumes
bedight.

And so the billows of my thought have
course —
Spent hopes and dreams, regrets for wasted
force,
With nothing left but memory mocking me.

Ocean has spoken in fraternal strain,
For that same clamor which impels the sea
Mounts to the Gods from man, eternal, vain.

A SEA BREEZE

The winter has deflowered garden and heath;
Nought lives; and on the rock's unchanging
gray,

Where the Atlantic's endless billows play,
The last pistil to petal clings in death.

Yet, what rare scents this sea breeze
furnisheth

I know not — grateful, warm effluvia they
That bid my heart to mad delight give way;
Whence comes this strangely odoriferous
breath?

Ah, now I know! — 'tis from the far-off
West,

Where the Antilles swoon in languorous rest
Beneath the torrid occidental heat;

And from this reef, by Cymric billows
rolled,

I've breathed, in winds my natal air made
sweet,

America's dear flowers I loved of old.

THE SHELL

In what cold seas, under what winters' reign,
— Who knows, or can know, nacreous,
fragile Shell! —

Hast thou mid current, wave and tidal swell,
In shallows and abysses restless lain?

To-day, beneath the sky, far from the main,
Thou hast in golden sands thy bed made
well;

But vain thy hope, for still within thy cell
Despairing sounds great ocean's mournful
strain.

My soul a prison all sonorous lies,
Where, as of old, complaining tears and
sighs

With sad refrain make clamor as in thee;

So from the heart-depths She alone can fill,
Dull, slow, unfeeling, yet eternal still,
The far, tumultuous murmur moans in me.

THE BED

Whether with serge becurtained or brocade,
Sad as a tomb or joyous as a nest,
'Tis there we are born, unite, lie peace-
possessed,
Child, spouse, old man, old woman, wife or
maid.

In glad or sad, with holy water sprayed
Under black crucifix or branch that's blest,
All there begins, all there meets final rest,
From life's first light to death's eternal
shade.

Rude, humble and closed, or proud with
canopy
Whose gorgeous colors blaze triumphantly,
Of cypress's, or oak's, or maple's mould,

Blest he who sleeps, his cares all laid aside,
In that paternal, massive bed of old,
Where all his own were born and all have
died.

THE EAGLE'S DEATH

Above the sempiternal snow aspires
The vast-winged eagle still to loftier air,
That nearer to the sun, in blue more fair,
He may refresh his sight's undaunted ires.

He rises. Sparks in torrents he inspires.
Still up, in proud, calm flight, he glories
where

The tempest draws fell lightnings to its
lair;

Whereat his wings are smit by their fierce
fires.

With scream, and in the storm-cloud
whirling, he,

Sublimely tasting the flame's withering kiss,
Deep plunges to the fulgurant abyss.

Blest he who, thrilled by Fame or Liberty,
In strength's full pride and dream's
enrapturing bliss

Dies such heroic, dazzling death as this.

MORE BEYOND

Man has o'ercome the lion's burning zone,
As that of poison's and of reptile's bale,
And vexed the ocean where the nautili sail
The golden track that galleons made their
own.

But farther than Spitzbergen's breast of
stone,
Than maelstrom dire, or snows that never
fail,
The warm, free polar waves the isles assail,
Where flag of mariner has never flown.

Depart! The insuperable ice I'll dare,
For my stout spirit would no longer bear
The fame that wreathes the Conquerors of
Gold.

I go, to mount the utmost promontory,
And feel the sea, that silences enfold,
Caress my pride with whispered hope of
glory.

THE LIFE OF THE DEAD

TO THE POET ARMAND SILVESTRE

When over us the cross its shadow throws,
Our frames enshrouded in the mould of
 night,
Thou wilt reflower in the lily white,
And from my flesh be born the ensanguined
 rose.

And Death divine, thy verse in music knows,
With silence and oblivion to his flight,
In the heavens will show us, lulled with
 gentle might,
Enchanted route where strange, new stars
 repose.

And mounting to the Sun our spirits twain,
Absorbed and melted in his depths, will gain
The tranquil raptures of unceasing fire;

While friend and poet, by Fame's pure
 chrism blest,
Will find eternity of life where rest
The immortal Shades made kindred by the
 Lyre.

TO THE TRAGEDIAN E. ROSSI

AFTER A RECITATION FROM DANTE

I've seen thee, Rossi, robed in black, give
fair

Ophelia's tender heart thy rending blow,
And, tiger mad with love and phrenzied woe,
Read in the handkerchief thy soul's despair.

Macbeth and Lear I've seen, and wept
whene'er

I saw thee, who lov'st olden Italy so,
Kiss Juliet in her nuptial tomb laid low;
Yet once beyond all these I found thee dare.

For mine the horror and the joy sublime
Of then first listening to the triple rhyme
Sound in thy golden voice its iron swell;

And, lit by flames of the infernal shore,
I saw — and shuddered to my being's core —
The living Dante chant his song of Hell.

MICHELANGELO

Haunted he was by torments tragical,
When in the Sistine where no fête he knew,
Lonely, his Sibyls and his Prophets grew,
And his Last Judgment on the sombre wall.

He heard the tear-drops unremitting fall —
Titan whose wish to highest summits flew —
Where Country, Glory, Love, their failures
 . rue;
And deemed that dreams are false, that
 death wins all.

And so, these Giants, bloodless, weary
 grown,
These Slaves bound ever to the unyielding
 stone,
How strangely twisted at his sovran will;

While in the icy-hearted marbles where
His great soul seethes, how runs with
 vibrant thrill
The passion of a God imprisoned there.

ON A BROKEN MARBLE

'Twas pious, O moss, to close those eyes of
thine;
For from this wasted wood has fled and
gone
The Virgin who the milk and wine poured on
The earth to that fair name which marked
the line.

Viburnum, hops and ivy this divine
Ruin enfold — unknowing if 'twas Faun,
Pan, Hermes or Silvanus; — and upon
Its scarred, maimed front their verdurous
tendrils twine.

See! The slant ray, caressful as of old,
In its flat face has set two orbs of gold;
As though from lip the vines with laughter
run;

And, magic spell, the breeze around it blown,
The leaves, the wavering shadows, and the
sun,
Have made a living God of this wrecked
stone.

HEREDIA DEAD

HEREDIA DEAD

October 3, 1905

*Vainly you'll call importunate and long
On him to add fresh jewels to his store,
For muse-beloved he dwells forevermore
With all the crowned ones of his deathless
song;*

*And in the midst of that imperial throng,
Now newly splended by his sonnet-lore,
Fame gently seats him, and delights to score
Her beadroll with his name in letters strong:*

*For though he felt not passion's noblest ire
That bears the uttered thought on wings of fire,
Nor made his numbers all the vastness sweep,*

*Yet he was Art's, and drank of her desire,
Until Imagination, true and deep,
Burst into beauty on his flawless lyre.*

NOTES

THE AWAKENING OF A GOD (page 30).

Mysterious Spouse by whom the myrrh's bedewed.

Adonis "was said to have been born from a myrrh-tree, the bark of which bursting, after a ten months' gestation, allowed the lovely infant to come forth. According to some, a boar rent the bark with his tusk and so opened a passage for the babe."—Frazer's "Golden Bough," p. 281.

Of the annual celebration by the Syrians and other peoples of the death and resurrection of Adonis, see Frazer's book as above, pp. 276-296.

THE MÀGICIAN (page 31).

The late Dr. Jacob Cooper, of Rutgers College, New Jersey, pointed out to me (using now his words) the following:

"In an unknown Greek author, believed to be Aelian, and quoted in defining a word by Suidas in his Greek Lexicon—in Greek—we have an account of a young woman who was betrothed, under the most solemn circumstances, in the presence and by the authority of the Divinity of the Cabiri. (Betrothals were a part of the duties of these mysterious Divinities, as is shown by a well-known case, viz., of Olympias and Philip, the parents of Alexander the Great.) This damsel, after the solemn betrothal, was deserted by her affianced husband. She, then, as I quote from Suidas's Lexicon, translating the passage:

'Beseeches the Cabiri to avenge her, and follow up

(i. e., to pursue to destruction) the perjurer. This is undoubtedly the love-lorn damsel who is the "Magicienne" of your French poet.'

"The Eumolpidae were a priestly family, deriving their origin from a Pelasgian Thracian named Eumolpus—the one with a good voice or melody. They were clothed with long, purple robes which they shook against the threshold of those they cursed. This was a significant action among all ancient peoples—*vide* Nehemiah, Chap. V, v. 13—and is so among orientals to this day."

MARSYAS (page 33).

*Thy natal pines that raptured heard thy strains
Burnt not thy flesh, O most unhappy one!
Thy bones are shivered, and thy blood doth run
With wave the Phryian Mount pours toward the plains.*

That is, not only did Marsyas not have his funeral pyre made of the wood furnished by the pines that saw his birth, and under whose branches he had fluted, but his body was so treated as to frustrate any attempt at sepulture of it. Nothing seems to have been more abhorrent to the Greek mind than the thought of the non-burial, without appropriate rites, of the human body or of its ashes. And this thought was so predominant as to impel the Greeks to inter even the bodies of their enemies slain in battle. Jebbs says, in the Introduction to his translation of the *Antigone* of Sophocles, that "The Spartan Lysander omitted to bury the Athenians who fell at Ægospotami; and that omission was remembered centuries later, as an indelible stigma upon his name."

And so it was, that the Athenian Generals who had so decisively defeated the Spartans in the great naval battle of the Arginusæ, were treated with ignominy by their own countrymen because of their not having taken extraordinary pains to recover the bodies of their slain for the purpose of interment. The notion seems to have been, that in the absence of appropriate burial, the shade of the dead one could not enter Hades, but was forced to wander disconsolately about the earth. But it was not, perhaps, so much for the ease of the wandering shade that the kinsfolk were moved to take due care of the dead body; for unless the shade were safely housed in Hades, it was in a position in its lonely wanderings to do harm, and would be inclined to do such harm, to those who had neglected to see that it was properly cared for.

REGILLA (page 53).

In the Blest Isles with him who rules austere

For an original and interesting treatment of an antique theme, see Edmund Gosse's beautiful and melodious poem, "The Island of the Blest," in his volume entitled "Firdausi in Exile and Other Poems." Homer, in the fourth book of *The Odyssey*, puts Rhadamanthus in the *Elysian Fields*. The passage is thus rendered by William Morris:

"But, Zeus-cherished Menelaus, to thee it shall not come
In the horse-kind land of Argos to meet thy death and
doom.

But unto the fields Elysian and the wide world's utmost
end,

Where dwells tawny Rhadamanthus, the Deathless thee
shall send,

Wherein are the softest life-days that men may ever gain;
No snow and no ill weather, nor any drift of rain;
But Ocean ever wafteth the wind of the shrilly west,
On menfolk ever breathing, to give them might and rest;
Because thou hast wedded Helen, and God's son art said
to be."

Pindar, on the other hand, in his second Olympian Ode, puts Rhadamanthus in the *Islands of the Blest*. The following is the passage as rendered in prose form by Ernest Myers:

"Then whosoever have been of good courage to the abiding steadfast thrice on either side of death and have refrained their souls from all iniquity, travel the road of Zeus unto the tower of Kronos: there round the islands of the blest the Ocean-breezes blow, and golden flowers are glowing, some from the land on trees of splendour, and some the water feedeth, with wreaths whereof they entwine their hands: so ordereth Rhadamanthus' just decree, whom at his own right hand hath ever the father Kronos, husband of Rhea, throned above all worlds."

Hesiod, in his *Works and Days*, treats of the Isles of the Blest in the following beautiful passage which is here given in the translation of the Rev. J. Banks:

"But when earth had covered this race also, again Jove, son of Cronus, wrought yet another, a fourth, on the many-nourishing ground, more just and more worthy, a Godlike race of hero-men, who are called by the former age demi-gods over the boundless earth. And these, baneful war, as well as the dire battle-din, destroyed, a

part fighting before seven-gated Thebes, in the Cadmean land, for the flocks of Œdipus, and part also in ships beyond the vast depths of the sea, when it had led them to Troy for fair-haired Helen's sake. There indeed the end of death enshrouded them; but to them Jove, the son of Cronus, their sire, having given life and settlements apart from men, made them to dwell at the confines of earth, apart from the immortals. Among these Cronus rules. And they indeed dwell with careless spirit in the Isles of the Blest, beside deep-eddying Ocean; blest heroes, for whom thrice in a year doth the fertile soil bear blooming fruits as sweet as honey."

As to whether the ancient Greeks conceived the Elysian Fields and the Islands (or Island) of the Blest as being one and the same region under differing names, or as separate and distinct regions, or conceived the Elysian Fields as being *in* the Blest Isles, and so a part of them, is perhaps not easy to make out with any degree of certainty.

THE CHARIOTEER (page 55).

This Libyan bold dear to the Emperor's soul.

The word in the original here translated *Emperor* is *Autocrator*. Under the Eastern Empire, as Bury points out in his "History of the Later Roman Empire," *Autocrator* got to be used as an official title of the Emperor.

The second tercet of this sonnet is as follows in the original:

Et tu vas voir, si l'œil d'un mortel peut suffire
A cette apothéose où fuit un char de feu,
La Victoire voler pour rejoindre Porphyre.

A stranger, who is present at the games, and who is evidently seeking information as to the names, etc., of the contestants, runs across an adherent of the Blue faction of the circus, who is willing to gratify him, and who thereupon points out to him a great charioteer of that faction in the person of the son of Calchas, who is an illustrious Libyan and a favorite of the Emperor. While he is talking the race begins, but he still makes running comments, and at its close enthusiastically joins in the acclaim to the victor. Then in the language of extravagance, carried away by the exaltation of the moment, and being perhaps something of a poet, he exclaims to the stranger that if mortal eye can suffice for the blaze of so much glory he may see the goddess Victory in her car of fire again crowning Porphyry—the son of Calchas—as she doubtless had done more than once before. The scene might very well be laid at Constantinople during the reign of Justinian, who was not only a patron of the Blues, but was a frequent attendant on the games of the circus. Indeed, as we learn from Gibbon the factions of the circus never before had raged as they did during his reign.

FOR VIRGIL'S SHIP (page 59).

Thus Horace (excerpt from Ode III, Book I):

Sic te diva potens Cypri,
Sic fratres Helenæ, lucida sidera,
Ventorumque regat pater,
Obstrictis aliis præter Iapyga,
Navis, quæ tibi creditum
Debes Virgilium, finibus Atticis
Reddas incolumem, precor,
Et serves animæ dimidium meæ.

This is beautifully rendered by Lord Lytton as follows:

So may the goddess who rules over Cyprus,
So may the brothers of Helen, bright stars,
So may the Father of Winds, while he fetters
All, save Iapyx, the Breeze of the West,
Speed thee, O Ship, as I pray thee to render
Virgil, a debt duly lent to thy charge,
Whole and intact on the Attican borders,
Faithfully guarding the half of my soul.

Sargent renders the passage as follows:

So may thy course the queen of Cyprus guide,
So Helena's twin brethren light thy sails,
And Æolus restrain all winds beside
The North-west sweeping in propitious gales;
That thou, O Ship, I earnestly implore,
Mayst guard the precious freightage in thy care
And through the billows to the Attic shore,
Virgil, my soul's own half, in safety bear!

It is interesting to compare with these the inferior version of Gladstone:

So may the queen of Cyprian heights,
So Helen's brethren, starry lights,
So speed thy course the Lord of wind,
And all, save Zephyr, fastly bind:

O Ship, thou hast a debt to pay
Our Virgil: hold him well I pray,
Unharm'd to Attic bounds consign,
And save that life, the half of mine!

TO SEXTIUS (page 62).

Clear skies; the sands the boat has glided o'er;

Horace's Ode (Ode IV of Book I), which furnishes the basis for this sonnet, reads thus: "Trahuntque siccas machinæ carinas"—literally, And the machines [or engines] draw the dry keels [or boats]. That is, the vessels, which, during the winter, have been hauled upon the shore for safety, are, now that spring has come, drawn into the water.

GOD OF THE GARDENS—V (page 69).

*In the fore-court the wax ancestors grace
I should grow old, and on their virile day
The children round my neck their bullæ place.*

The God, after lamenting his sad state and the fact that he is not treated with the same consideration as the Household Gods, ventures to suggest, that if he had his deserts he would be placed in the vestibule near the wax ancestors, where, as he grew old, the youths would devote their bullæ to him on their assumption at puberty of the toga virilis.

The vestibulum of the Roman house was, as is shown in Becker's Gallus, essentially a fore-court, and no part of the house proper. It was ornamented in various ways. It is related by Suetonius that in the vestibule of Nero's great house there was a colossal image of himself.

The Romans preserved the features of their ancestors in masks of wax, which they hung on the walls as we do family portraits. The wax was sometimes colored and

the eyes represented by glass. We read that under the mask, in the old patrician families, were inscriptions indicating the name, the dignities and the great deeds of the deceased; and these portrait masks were connected in such a way as to indicate the genealogy of the family. This is illustrated as follows in the opening lines of Juvenal's eighth Satire. The translation is that of Gifford:

"Your ancient house!" no more.—I cannot see
 The wondrous merits of a pedigree:
 No, Ponticus;—nor of a proud display
 Of smoky ancestors, in wax or clay;
 Æmilius, mounted on his car sublime,
 Curius, half wasted by the teeth of time,
 Corvinus, dwindled to a shapeless bust,
 And high-born Galba, crumbling into dust.

What boots it, on the lineal tree to trace,
 Through many a branch, the founders of our race,
 Time-honored chiefs; if, in their sight, we give
 A loose to vice, and like low villains live?
 Say, what avails it, that, on either hand,
 The stern Numantii, an illustrious band,
 Frown from the walls, if their degenerate race
 Waste the long night at dice, before their face?

* * * * *

Fond man! though all the heroes of your line
 Bedeck your halls, and round your galleries shine
 In proud display; yet take this truth from me,
 Virtue alone is true nobility.
 Set Cossus, Drusus, Paulus, then, in view,
 The bright example of their lives pursue;
 Let these precede the statues of your race,
 And these, when Consul, of your rods take place.

TEPIDARIUM (page 70).

And the pale daughters of Ausonia see

Ausonia was a name given by some of the poets to ancient Italy. See the seventh Æneid.

TRANQUILLUS (page 71).

*And here with pointed stylus he has told,
Scatched in the unpitying wax, of him who tried
In Capri all that's foul when he was old.*

It is scarcely credible that Tiberius could have led the life in Capri described with such disgusting detail in the pages of Suetonius.

LUPERCUS (page 72).

Martial's Epigram in the original is as follows:

IN LUPERCUM

Occurris quoties, Luperce, nobis,
Vis mittam puerum, subinde dicis,
Cui tradas Epigrammaton libellum,
Lectum quem tibi protinus remittam?
Non est, quod puerum, Luperce, vexes
Longum est, si velit ad Pyrum venire.
Et scalis habito tribus, sed altis.
Quod quæris, propius petas licebit:
Argi nempe soles subire letum.
Contra Cæsaris est forum taberna,
Scriptis postibus hinc et inde totis,
Omnes ut cito perlegas Poëtas.
Illinc me pete; ne roges Atrectum:

Hoc nomen dōminus gerit tabernæ,
 De primo dabit, alterove nido,
 Rasum pumice, purpuraque, cultum,
 Denariis tibi quinque Martialem.
 Tanti non es, ais? sapis, Luperce.

The following translation may be ventured on:

TO LUPERCUS

When meeting me, how oft have you, Luperus,
 Asked, may I not my servant send unto thee,
 To fetch that little book where brightly sparkle
 Thy wondrous Epigrams the very latest,
 Which, when I've read, I shall at once return thee?—
 But thus the boy you should not wish to harass;
 For long, in truth, he'll find the road to Pyrum,*
 And at my house three flights of steepy stairway.
 Why go so far when near is all you wish for:
 Of course you enter oft the Argiletum.*
 Where, facing Cæsar's Forum, is a bookshop,
 Whose posts are so becovered o'er with titles,
 One may the poets quickly well examine.
 There you should seek me; you may ask Atrectus;
 His name's displayed full plainly as the owner.
 From his first shelf or mayhap from some other,
 With pumice smoothed and richly clothed in purple,
 For five denarii he'll give you Martial.
 Too much, you say? All wise are you, Luperus.

* Pyrum was the region of Rome in which Martial lived, and Argiletum was a region famous for bookshops.

AFTER CANNÆ (page 74).

The one-eyed Chieftain to their anxious view.

Intermediate the battle of the Trebia and that of Cannæ Hannibal lost an eye as the result of an ophthalmia.

THE CYDNUS (page 79).

The dusky Lagian opes, in that charmed air,

Lagus (a Macedonian) was the founder of the dynasty to which Cleopatra belonged. Hence "la brune *Lagide*" of the original. Ptolemy, the son of Lagus, was the first of the so-called Macedonian Kings of Egypt.

A MEDAL (page 96).

*Of all the tyrants whom a people hate,
Count, Duke or Marquis, Prince or Princeling e'en,—
Galeas, Hercules, Can or Ezzelin,—
None can the haughty Malatesta mate.*

Galeazzo Maria Sforza, Duke of Milan (the Galeas of the text), was born in 1444 and died by assassination in 1476.

There were three sovereigns of the House of Este bearing the name of Hercules, one of whom was Duke of Modena in the eighteenth century. The two others were: Hercules I, Duke of Ferrara and Modena, who began his reign in 1471 and died in 1505; and Hercules II, Duke of Ferrara and Modena, who was born in 1508, and died in 1559, and whose mother was the celebrated Lucrezia Borgia.

There were three Cans who were sovereigns of Verona, their names being Can-Grande della Scala. The one mentioned in the text is doubtless the second one, of whom we read in Larousse that he was assassinated at Verona in 1359 by his brother Can-Signore, leaving behind him the memory of a rapacious and cruel tyrant. The most noted and best of them was the first one, who is familiarly known to us as Can-Grande, the friend of Dante. He sheltered the poet in his palace during a part of the time of his exile, and Dante gave him, on its completion, a copy of the *Paradiso*. In fact, it is thought there are several commendatory references to him in the *Divine Comedy*. It seems that an estrangement subsequently grew up between them. This Can-Grande was the Imperial Vicar, and was not only a great military leader, but a patron as well of letters and of the arts. He was born in 1291 and died in 1329, after a rule in Verona of nearly twenty years.

There were four Ezzelins (their Italian name being Ezzelino da Romano), of whom the fourth is known as the tyrant of Padua. He was born in 1194 and died in 1259. Plumptre, in one of his foot-notes to his translation of the twelfth Canto of Dante's *Inferno*, speaks of this Ezzelin as follows: "Of all the tyrants of that evil time, Ezzelin, known in popular legend as the Child of the Devil, was the most steeped in cruelty. Sismondi shrinks from telling the tale of his rapacity, his massacres, his fiendish tortures of his enemies. And his death was the fit close of such a life. Wounded and taken captive on his way to attack Milan, he was imprisoned at Soriano, refused all food and medical aid, sat for eleven days in

gloomy silence, tore the bandages from his wound, and died." Dante puts him in the Seventh Circle of Hell with some other tyrants.

On this Ezzelin, Eugene Lee-Hamilton has the following remarkable sonnet, to be found in his book of "Imaginary Sonnets":

EZZELIN TO LUCIFER.

(1250)

The wolves were yelping round the castle tower;
 The witches croaked a baleful bridal hymn;
 The marsh lights danced all round the baile's rim,
 Where swam the moonlit snakes at spellful hour;

Like a hot whirlwind to my mother's bower,
 Then, Fiend, thou camest—scorching breast and limb
 With sulph'rous kisses, till the stars grew dim
 And hungry Day did the thin moon devour.

O Lucifer, O Father, have I done
 Enough in thy dread service? Art thou pleased,
 O pain-inflictor, with thy Paduan son?

Have I not turned my cities into hells?
 Foreburnt thy damned, innumerably teased
 Men's feet with fire, and filled the world with yells?

The Malatestas, Lords of Rimini and of great part of the Romagna, began their career as sovereigns in the latter part of the thirteenth century and ended it in the early part of the sixteenth.

THE BEAUTIFUL VIOLE (page 100).

The original, from which the poet has taken for motto the first three lines, is as follows:

D'UN VANNEUR DE BLE AUX VENTS

A vous troupe légère
Qui d'aile passagère
Par le monde volez,
Et d'un sifflant murmure
L'ombrageuse verdure
Douxment esbranlez,

J'offre ces violettes,
Ces lis & ces fleurettes,
Et ces roses icy,
Ces vermeillettes roses
Sont fraîchement écloses,
Et ces œillets aussi.

De vostre douce haleine
Eventez ceste plaine
Eventez ce séjour;
Ce pendant que j'ahanne
A mon blé que je vanne
A la chaleur du jour.

This may be translated as follows:

FROM A WINNOWER OF GRAIN TO THE WINDS

Nimble troop, to you
That on light pinion through

The world forever pass,
 And with a murmuring sweet
 Where shade and verdure meet
 Toss gently leaf and grass,

I give these violets,
 Lilies and flowerets,
 And roses here that blow;
 All these red-blushing roses
 Whose freshness now uncloses,
 And these rich pinks also.

With your soft breath now deign
 To fan the spreading plain,
 And fan, too, this retreat,
 Whilst I with toil and strain
 Winnow my golden grain
 In the day's scorching heat.

Andrew Lang's beautiful version as taken from his
 "Ballads and Lyrics of Old France" (1872), is as follows:

HYMN TO THE WINDS

The winds are invoked by the Winnowers of Corn
 Du Bellay, 1550.

To you, troop so fleet,
 That with winged wandering feet,
 Through the wide world pass,
 And with soft murmuring
 Toss the green shades of spring
 In woods and grass,

Lily and violet
I give, and blossoms wet,
 Roses and dew;
This branch of blushing roses,
Whose fresh bud uncloses,
 Wind-flowers too.
Ah, winnow with sweet breath,
Winnow the holt and heath
 Round this retreat;
Where all the golden morn
We fan the gold o' the corn,
 In the sun's heat.

We are told that the poet accompanied his relative Cardinal Du Bellay to Rome in 1552, where he remained for nearly five years. Among his poems is a series of sonnets addressed to one Mademoiselle de Viole.

THE ANCESTOR (page 117).

Evidently descriptive of a portrait in enamel of the poet's ancestor by Claudius Popelin. The sonnet on page 107 celebrates Popelin's work in that field of art. The sonnets on pages 118 and 119 are in honor of this same ancestor—the founder of Cartagena.

TO A DEAD CITY (page 120).

*Since Drake's fell heretics' rapacious raid
Thy lonely walls have mouldered in decay,
And, like grand collar gloomed by pearls of gray,
Show gaping holes by Pointis' cannon made.*

Drake captured Cartagena by assault in the latter part of the year 1585, Cates, of Drake's party, telling us

that "in this furious entrée the Lieutenant-General slue with his owne hands the chief ensigne-bearer of the Spaniards, who fought very manfully to his life's end." The English kept possession of the place for six weeks, and then surrendered it on payment of a ransom of one hundred and ten thousand ducats, to which was added a thousand crowns for the surrender of the priory or abbey situated a short distance from the city. Cates deemed this ransom sufficient, "inasmuch as," among other reasons, "we have taken our full pleasure, both in the uttermost sacking and spoiling of all their household goods and merchandise, as also in that we have consumed and ruined a great part of their town with fire."—*Barrow's Life of Drake*, pp. 199-203.

Jean-Bernard Pointis, Baron de Desjeans, who was born in 1645 and died in 1707, was a distinguished naval officer of France. He had command of the expedition against Cartagena in 1697. He carried the city and was wounded in the attack upon it.

VISION OF KHEM — II (page 124).

*Behind the Bari, which the priests convey,
Of Ammon-Ra, the sun's almighty head;*

The Bari was a sacred boat in which the priests bore the image of a God or Gods. If on land, the boat was generally borne on the shoulders of the bearers. In the present instance the Bari, with the image of the God Ammon-Ra seated in it, is conveyed by the priests at the head of the imaginary procession.

"Ammon was the great God of Thebes, the southern

Egyptian capital. According to Manetho, his name signified 'concealment' or 'that which is concealed'; and this meaning is confirmed both by the fact, which is now certain, that the root *anon*, in the hieroglyphics has the signification 'to veil,' 'to hide,' and also by statements in the religious poems of the Egyptians. We may therefore safely adopt the view of Plutarch, that the original notion of Ammon was that of a concealed or secret god, one who hid himself and whom it was difficult to find; or, in other words, that the mysterious and inscrutable nature of the Deity was the predominant idea in the minds of those who first worshipped God under this name. * * * Originally Ammon was quite distinct from Ra, 'the Sun,' no two ideas being more absolutely opposed than those of 'a concealed god' and of the great manifestation of Divine power and great illuminator of all things on earth, the solar luminary. But from the time of the eighteenth dynasty a union of the two Divinities took place, and Ammon was worshipped thenceforth almost exclusively as Ammon-Ra, and was depicted with the solar orb on his head."—*Rawlinson's Ancient Egypt*. This god became the head of the Egyptian pantheon, so that finally he was to the Egyptian what Zeus was to the Greek and Jupiter to the Roman.

Oscar Wilde, in his finely imaginative poem, "The Sphinx," sings thus of the god Ammon:

With Syrian oils his brows were bright: and widespread
as a tent at noon
His marble limbs made pale the moon and lent the day a
larger light.

His long hair was nine cubits' span and coloured like that
yellow gem
Which hidden in their garment's hem the merchants bring
from Kurdistan.
His face was as the must that lies upon a vat of new-
made wine:
The seas could not insapphirine the perfect azure of his
eyes.
His thick soft throat was white as milk and threaded with
thin veins of blue:
And curious pearls like frozen dew were broidered on his
flowing silk.
On pearl and porphyry pedestalled he was too bright to
look upon:
For on his ivory breast there shone the wondrous ocean
emerald,
That mystic moonlit jewel which some diver of the
Colchian caves
Had found beneath the blackening waves and carried to
the Colchian witch.
Before his gilded galiot ran naked vine-wreathed
corybants,
And lines of swaying elephants knelt down to draw his
chariot,
And lines of swathy Nubians bore up his litter as he
rode
Down the great granite-paven road between the nodding
peacock-fans.
The merchants brought him steatite from Sidon in their
painted ships:
The meanest cup that touched his lips was fashioned from
a chrysolite.

The merchants brought him cedar-chests of rich apparel
bound with cords:
His train was borne by Memphian lords: young kings
were glad to be his guests.
Ten hundred shaven priests did bow to Ammon's altar
day and night,
Ten hundred lamps did wave their light through Ammon's
carven house—and now
Foul snake and speckled adder with their young ones
crawl from stone to stone,
For ruined is the house and prone the great rose-marble
monolith!
Wild ass or trotting jackal comes and couches in the
mouldering gates:
Wild satyrs call unto their mates across the fallen fluted
drums.
And on the summit of the pile the blue-faced ape of
Horus sits
And gibbers while the figtree splits the pillars of the
peristyle.

THE SAMURAI (page 128).

This was a man with two swords.

A fully equipped Samurai had two swords—a long one
with which to do his fighting, and a short one for the
hara-kiri.

THE DAIMIO (page 129).

Where burns its satin with a crimson sun.

The flag of Japan is white, with a large crimson disk
in the centre.

THE CENTURY FLOWER (page 131).

Heredia, in this sonnet, has chosen to follow the erroneous notion, held by many, of the Century Plant not blooming until it has lived for a hundred years; and likewise, as is not unusual, he has confused the Agave with the Aloe. In fact, some of our dictionaries call the Agave the American Aloe.

On this subject Miss Alice Eastwood, of the California Academy of Sciences, has been kind enough to write me as follows:

"The Aloe of Belles Lettres, like the deadly Upas Tree, exists only in the imagination of the poets. It seems to be a combination of Agave or Century Plant, the Aloe, and probably a species of Cactus.

"The confusion arises undoubtedly from the similarity in manner of growth of the Agave and the Aloe. Both have thick, large, stiff pointed leaves in a rosette at the surface of the ground from which the flowering stem arises. The Agave blooms generally in from ten to fifteen years. The flowering stalk at first resembles an immense green asparagus. It rapidly grows and soon reaches a height of from ten to twenty feet. It branches like a huge candelabrum, and the greenish flowers consist chiefly of the organs of reproduction. It belongs to the Amaryllis family. The Aloe sends up a comparatively slender stem, often curving gracefully, sometimes branching, and bearing numerous red, yellow or orange flowers in a spike or raceme, or sometimes densely clustered at the ends of branchlets. The flowers are tubular and about an inch long, usually pendent. It blooms often and belongs to the Lily family.

“Lowell, in ‘A Fable for Critics,’ alludes to the same superstition in the part beginning: ‘Here comes Philothea, etc.’”

Nor does the Century Plant bear a single flower, and that a scarlet one; on the contrary, it bears quite a number (I have counted as many as twenty), arranged in the fashion of a candelabrum and green in color, as pointed out by Miss Eastwood. The Century Plant, with its candelabrum of green blooms, is not an altogether unfamiliar object in the gardens of California.

The truth is, Heredia has treated, in this instance, for poetic purposes, one of the myths of the vegetable world, just as he has treated other myths in such wonderful manner in his sonnets. And the poem is, indeed, beautiful, particularly in view of its suggested thought—the non-realization of our year-long hopes and dreams.

THE FUNERAL (page 136).

*To Phocis' lustrous fanes as Pytho there,
Rock-bound and lightning-girdled, ruled alone.*

Pytho was the ancient name of Delphi, the capital of Phocis. Hence the priestess who delivered the oracular responses at Delphi was called Pythia, and hence the games that were held near Delphi were called the Pythian games. The monuments at Delphi got to be of great magnificence. It is said that Nero took as many as seventy-five thousand statues from there to Rome.

BRITTANY (page 142).

Voluptuous Is and mighty Occismor.

Is and Occismor were two old cities of Brittany which were destroyed by extraordinary tidal waves near the middle of the fifth century.

FLOWERY SEA (page 143).

The inundation which seems to have furnished the subject of this sonnet may have been produced by a tidal wave of some such character as that which destroyed in old time the cities of Is and Occismor. In 1904, on the second of February, a tidal wave swept the coast of Penmarch mentioned in the sonnet on page 149. One-third of the commune of Penmarch was submerged, and an immense amount of damage done.

ARMOR (page 148).

"Sell euz ar-mor."

This is in the Armoric dialect and literally translated is, We have sight upon the sea; or, as we might say in English, Behold the sea! Armor is from *ar*, upon; and *mor*, sea—hence Armorica.

RISING SEA (page 149).

Larousse, in his Universal Dictionary of the Nineteenth Century, says of the coast of Raz (mentioned in several of the sonnets): "La côte du Raz est extrêmement dangereuse, hérissée d'écueils longtemps funestes aux marins, jusqu'à l'établissement d'un phare construit il y a quelques années à côte d'un menhir. Le détroit (*raz* en breton) qui sépare le cap de l'île de Sein est d'une traversée extrêmement pénible, à cause d'un violent courant qui se porte entre le cap et l'île de Sein. De là l'adage breton dont voici la traduction littérale: *Jamais homme n'a passé le Raz sans avoir peur ou mal.*"

“C'est au moment d'une tempête qu'il faut visiter le bec du Raz,” dit M. Pol de Courcy. “Quoique élevé de 72 mètres au-dessus de la mer, le promontoire semble à chaque instant prêt à s'engloutir sous les vagues; une écume salée vous couvre, et des rugissements horribles dans les cavernes des rochers étourdissent à donner le vertige.”

(The coast of Raz is extremely dangerous, as it bristles with reefs which for a long time were fatal to mariners until the establishment of a lighthouse constructed some years ago near a menhir. The strait (raz in the Breton) which separates the cape from the isle of Sein is very difficult in the passage by reason of a violent current which runs between the cape and the isle of Sein. There is a Breton adage of which the following is a literal translation: *No man ever passed Raz without feeling fear or suffering harm.*

“It is at the time of tempest when one should visit the beak of Raz,” says M. Pol de Courcy. “Although at an elevation of some 72 metres above the sea, it seems as though at each moment the promontory might be engulfed in the waves; a salted foam covers you, and the horrible roarings in the caverns of the rocks are so deafening as to make one dizzy.”)

HEREDIA DEAD (page 161).

José-Maria de Heredia was born on the 22d day of November, 1842, on a coffee plantation (La Fortuna) in the Sierra Madre Mountains, near Santiago de Cuba, and died on the 3d day of October, 1905, at the Château de Bourdonne, in Seine et Oise, France.

His ancestry on the father's side is traceable to one of those daring Spanish Dons that made such famous and terrible history in the sixteenth century—his ancestor having been one of the founders of Cartagena. This is made brilliantly lustrous in the eight sonnets constituting the Conquerors' series of his Trophies.

His mother was a Frenchwoman, and at eight years of age he went to France for his education, which, having been partly achieved, he returned to Cuba for study at the University of Havana; but he subsequently returned to France for his permanent home, his residence having been taken up at Paris, where, in 1897, he was made librarian of the Arsenal Library.

As Edmund Gosse well says, he was no more Spanish than was Rossetti Italian.

His first verses were published in 1862, and from time to time there were publications of his in the *Revue des deux Mondes*, and other periodicals; but it was not until 1893 that his Trophies burst upon the world of letters in all the aggregation of their perfection and splendor.

At the first vacancy after this publication he was elected to the Academy, he having defeated Zola for that honor; nor has any challenge ever been made of the entire fitness of his selection, though the work which prompted it consisted of but one hundred and eighteen sonnets.

His three daughters married three men of letters, M. Henri de Régner, M. Pierre Louys and M. Maurice Maindron; and at least one of these daughters (Mme. de Régner) has written poems and novels of great merit.

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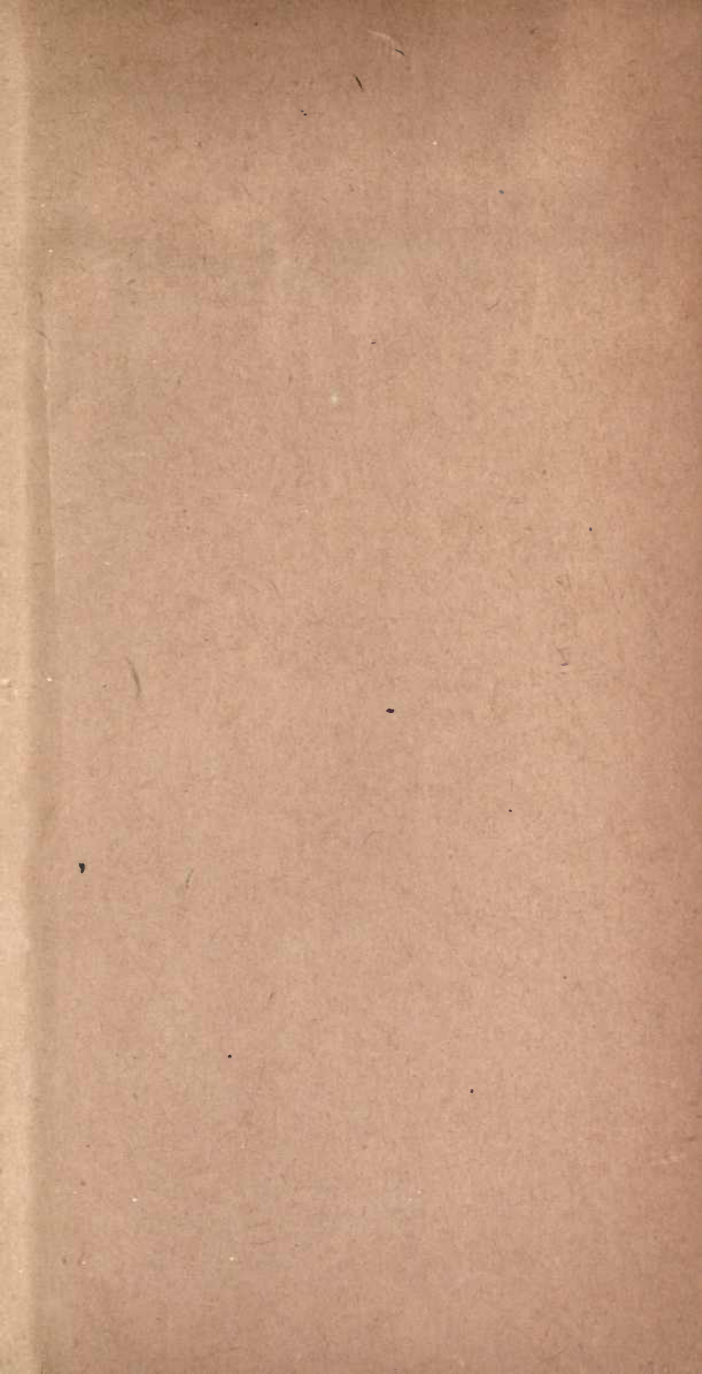
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Miss Cordelia Kirkland

with regards of

Edward Weston Taylor

San Francisco

March 19. 1907.



